

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1810

JANUARY 12, 1907

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THE LITERARY WEEK

It is evident that Mr. Alfred Austin must look to his laurels; for the *Times* has found a formidable competitor in the Archbishop of Armagh, who contributes a poem of more than twenty stanzas in memory of Lady Burdett Coutts. We would like to quote it in its entirety, but one or two stanzas will be sufficient. One is:

Thou, high beyond all reach of the scorers,
Who dwelt not as one of the self-adorners,
But one that is sent to comfort the mourners;

Another is:

Till the carthorse had his Whitsun feast,
And the donkey grew a favoured beast,
And the bird's song saved his life at least;

And the final one reads:

One may tell us what that word can say,
Hid though she be from our sight away,
In the tongue of the angels—Angela!

Evidently the Archbishop of Armagh would be no unworthy successor to the present laureate!

The "Notes by an Examiner" in "Provincial Letters" (Smith, Elder) still yield some amusement in these days of high-class education. The young ladies' schools lag as far behind in humour as ever. The most striking characteristic of Chaucer was "a great brain, specially endowed for the great purpose of settling the English language on a firm basis." The practice of learning lists of books and a few particulars about the authors has some curious results, and the reformers of our educational methods can certainly turn much to ridicule. "'Paradise Lost' is the most famous lyric poem in the English language, and, with Homer's 'Illyad,' holds the chief place among lyric poems ever written." Or take this for an appreciation of the organ voice of England: "Milton's style was sublime and comprehensive, and at the same time soothing."

Was it a juvenile wit who wrote that Wordsworth "took up the position of a retired poet," and that "Wordsworth regarded Nature as a sweetheart"? Has the following to be regarded as a satirical commentary on the feast of soul to be found in our halls of learning; or perhaps a young brother observes from afar the æsthetic movement: "In his youth he received a university education, and that led him to say that the meanest flower gave him thoughts too deep for tears. It seemed as if a blade of grass spoke to him."

The higher education evidently conveys many common facts about the domestic lives of poets, though it leaves the pupil with few ideas about the greatness of their

achievements. "Shakespeare married Jane Hathaway," says one. "Byron was the son of a dissolute guardsman and an Aberdeenshire heiress, and he inherited the defects of both parents," says another.

In nearly every case the literary criticism is confined to parrot-like repetitions or confused memories of facts that are to be read in every "literary reader." "Milton wrote in very varying metres, and uses eighty-nine per cent. of Anglo-Saxon verbs." "Tennyson was born in Lincolnshire, and we can trace the influence of the fens and flats in many of his poems." "Byron has not much imagination, but the powers of his intellect are wonderful, and we wonder at his amazing productiveness. 'Cain' is the most thoughtful of his works; others are 'Gulliver's Travels,' 'Don Juan,' and 'Beppo.'"

This is what children spend years of their lives in endeavouring to assimilate. Why should we keep up the farce of such non-intelligent education any longer? If the children read the poems, or parts of them, that is surely sufficient. If they have the intellect to appreciate verse or fine prose, then first steps have been taken and the master's duty is done. Those who are non-comprehending will return to browse on the thistles of juvenile literature provided in such abundance.

Mrs. Earle, in her work "Letters to Young and Old," gives an example of the extraordinary questions put to children of eleven and twelve by the school examiners. The following will surely result later on in sodden brains for these young people. How is it (we may ask our mature readers): (a) That there are so many old cathedral cities in the eastern half of England? (b) That the heaths round London (such as Blackheath) are now so famous for schools, and were once notorious for highwaymen? (c) That the sites of most old Roman camps are now occupied by railway junctions? (d) That so many small articles (such as pins, pens, screws, watch-springs, etc.) are made in the Birmingham district? (e) That the Broads teem with wild fowl?

The young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!—
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

A correspondent writes: At this moment, when our spelling is—possibly—in the throes of a new birth, and when France devotes an occasional second to following our lead and "cuts down her own vineyards," orthographically, Wilhelm Franz is useful reading. He deals with Shakespearean sixteenth-century spelling. Of course, *King Lear* is no longer a play, after Tolstoy's sapient critique of that foolish, fond old king. The divine William, also, could not write his own surname twice in the same way. But how did he pronounce words like *change*, *danger*, *range*, *orange*? Franz tells us—quoting as his proof, occasionally and unfortunately, W. Salesbury. For W. Salesbury was, or may have been, vitiated in his pronunciation by residence in N. Wales, and his "Dictionary in Englyshe and Welshe [is] moche necessary to all suche Welshe men as wil spedly learne the englyshe togne thought unto the Kynges maiestie very mete to be sette forth to the use of his graces subiectes in Wales." It is, however, less necessary as a guide of English (as it was spoken in 1547) to present English-speaking Englishmen.

And, when Franz quotes Salesbury's spelling *oreintsys* = *oranges*, one instinctively dreads a solecism, the Denbighshire pronunciation of an imported name for an imported article. *Ebenso spricht Jones*. Another Welshman? And are we to bow to "the Celtic fringe," whether West-*Anglian* or other? And shall we acknowledge, with Dublin, that Dublin speaks the best English in the Three

Kingdoms? *Laugh*=*laf* is "*dialektanssprache*," we are told; and what of the rhyme "slaughter" and "laughter"? Perhaps they were both guttural. Salesbury writes *laughe*, *lawghe*, *laughyng* with refreshing indifference, unless the noun and verb were pronounced each after its kind: so a noun and adjective, *devyll*, *dyvellysshe*.

The examination of Shakespearean puns has not resulted in any real addition to our knowledge, and his rhymes are inadequate to describe sixteenth-century pronunciation. Certainly the hoary mirth of "room in Rome" is no more serviceable than *slaughter* and *laughter*, and the abominable (or abhominable) Salesbury gives *Rhoma*, which takes us further afield. Rhymes are notoriously for the ear or for the eye. Provincialisms are ever with us, and practically defy elimination. Were *ancient* (old) and *ancient* (Pistol) pronounced alike, and both or neither as Fluellen utters the latter? But Fluellen—like Salesbury, like Jones—is a Welshman, and what has the Ancient Briton to do in this galley that is none of Cleopatra's? Was it *ainsient*, *ansient*, *ainsient*? The heart sinks and the very spirit flags, and thou wouldst divine of this unity of Shakespearean utterance. In the multitude of counsellors, Sweet and Skeat and Butler and Luick, is "comfort like cold porridge," such as burned the man of the South in the adage.

Our reviewer, in another page, refers to Mr. Escott's story about Douglas Cook: how Mrs. Lynn Linton used to say that he stormed at, swore at and even on one occasion hit her. The description given on page 146 is vivid and interesting:

The editor was John Douglas Cook, a choleric Aberdonian, with a round, red head, a bull neck, a *bon-vivant*, a man of pleasure, but also a first-rate man of business, with few or no real literary tastes, but with a quick, almost infallible, instinct for the literary article that would take with his public.

But why did Mr. Escott practically repeat this description on page 240. We give the passage:

At the Tresco Abbey dinner-table where we have just met him, Douglas Cook, a choleric Aberdonian with red hair, a bull neck, the gourmet and epicure shown in all the lines about his mouth and double chin, blandly took his friend Kinman's correction, and only so far asserted the prerogative of editorial autocracy as to pooh-pooh a suggestion that Scilly could possibly have anything to do with the sun-god Sulleh.

We assume the explanation to be that the chapters in the book were originally contributed to various magazines and that the author frugally spread out his material as far as it would go. But we confess that we should have liked to have some further personal knowledge of Mr. Douglas Cook, who must have been a remarkable man and was probably the most capable editor that Great Britain has ever produced. We suppose that there are very few who now sit in the chair of authority who would use to a lady contributor such words as flowed from the lips of Douglas Cook on "one of his bad days."

In Italy the State protects national art treasures for the preservation of which we in this country have to rely on private munificence or the National Art Collections Fund. The present working of the law, however, appears to be unsatisfactory, and Signor Rava, the Italian Minister for Public Instruction, is bringing in a Bill under which no article of artistic, historical, or archaeological interest over fifty years old belonging to the State, provinces, towns, villages, or ecclesiastical bodies can be sold. Public and private owners will be compelled to supply Signor Rava and his successors with full particulars of works of art or important buildings in their possession; export will be forbidden; and the State will have the option of purchasing for the nation any such treasures which come into the market. If the Bill is passed—and there seems every prospect that it will be—in a few years at most

Italy will be in possession of a catalogue of her literary, architectural and artistic wealth such as no other country can boast.

Few scenes of natural beauty can boast so many memories of the immortal dead as do the glorious pine-forests of Ravenna. Here, as a contemporary recalls, Dante hunted with the Polenta and dreamed his Dream of Heaven and Hell; here Theodoric fought and Byron rode with La Guiccioli; in its solitude Boccaccio found inspiration, and Dryden and many others have sung of it. Some half a century ago it was handed over by the State to the Commune of Ceria, and about two hundred and fifty acres have been cleared in order to raise money. We are glad to learn that the indignant protests which resulted from this act of vandalism have resulted in the Commune undertaking to preserve the remaining area—the Pineta originally extended over nearly two thousand acres—and to replant the devastated ground.

The bi-centenary of the birth of the great Venetian playwright, Carlo Goldoni, which, by a decree of the Town Council of Venice, is to be publicly solemnised, occurs in February, only a few days after another centenary, no less important from an artistic point of view in the annals of the great Republic—the quatercentenary of the death of Gentile Bellini. Gentile Bellini ranks among the great Venetian painters of the Renaissance, while as a pageant-painter he stands almost supreme. His fame excelled that of his father, and he was again excelled by his brother Giovanni, the founder, with him, of the school which bore their name and from which Venetian art drew its highest inspiration and greatness. Marin Sanudo in his "Diaries" states that Gentile Bellini died on February 23, 1507, several years before his brother Giovanni. He was buried in Venice, and the Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo is said to contain his ashes. No trace, however, exists of his tomb, and though many researches have been made to discover where he lies, all have proved in vain.

Although only a limited number of his works remains, the National Galleries of London, Buda-Pesth, Frankfurt-am-Main, Milan and Venice, possess valuable examples, while in private collections the best known specimens are those in Mr. Ludwig Mond's collection in London, and the late Sir Henry Layard's in Venice. The newly-formed Istituto Veneto d'Arti Grafiche intends to publish, on or about the quatercentenary of Gentile Bellini's death, a volume by Lionello Venturi, entitled "*Origini della Pittura Veneziana*," which has been awarded a prize (as was Pompeo Molmenti's now famous "*Vita Privata dei Veneziani*") by the Regio Istituto Veneto di Scienze, Lettere ed Arti. Beginning with the earliest Byzantine masters in 1300 it covers the period up to the masterpieces of Giovanni Bellini in 1500, devoting an almost inordinate space to Gentile and enlarging on his technique and composition, his style and sense of beauty. There will be one hundred and twenty illustrations.

Mr. Roosevelt's essay on the ancient Irish Sagas, to which we referred last week, may perhaps be regarded as a sign that the United States are anxious to take the lead in inquiring into so-called Celtic literature on the Irish side. For several years a scheme has been on foot in America for starting a Library of Irish Literature under the auspices of Mr. Charles Welsh, who was for many years the managing partner in the firm of Messrs. Griffith, Farran and Co. Since he has been in America Mr. Welsh has been actively pursuing his project, and has enlisted the co-operation and support of Lady Gregory, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Prof. F. M. Robinson, of Harvard, and other authorities. He himself first drew up a list of the Irish authors and their works from the seventh to the thirteenth century and

sent a copy to scholars who were competent to form an opinion as to its merits. The lists were returned with their amendments and suggestions, and by collating these Mr. Welsh has compiled a final list which should be of considerable interest. His methods are thorough and businesslike, and the Library—which Mr. Bryce after his address in Dublin on Norse and Celtic literature last week ought to encourage—will at least be an interesting one.

The sources of Children's Nursery Rhymes are touched on instructively by Mr. Thurstan C. Peter in "The Old Cornish Drama" (Elliot Stock).

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Guard the bed that I lie on—
(*Varia lectio*: Went to bed with their breeches on)—

is a quotation from the Towneley mysteries, or *ministeria*. Another Nursery-game rhyme:

- A. How many miles to Babylon?
- B. Three score and ten.
- A. Shall I be there by candlelight?
- B. Yes, and back again—

has an equally pious origin, plays of Chyldremas Day. So has the riddle of our grandfathers concerning the number of wives, etc., possessed by the man who was going to St. Ives. "The accounts of the borough authority of St. Ives record receipts from the interludes," and in 1575, 4d. was the sum "spent upon the carpenter that made heaven." For half that price Fawston "mended the wind," and equally cheap were "two worms of conscience" (*ayenbites of inwit*? or threads of screws?). Children, we are told, "at times appeared in the costume of Eden."

Here come I, old Father Christmas,
Welcome or welcome not,

are the opening lines of the play *St. George*, and protest against the Christmas observance inhibition in 1652. For schoolboy "howlers" commend us to this play! Henry of Monmouth seizes Quebec and the crown of Spain, thanks to Gibbon's pig-merchant, George of Cappadocia. Who would have guessed it of Hal? Among "December liberties," at the Feast of Fools, was the eating of puddings off the altar. As history is a recurring decimal, last month the French soldiers at Sens were celebrating a black mass and visiting the *cantine* in chasubles. The old "ordinary" had nothing to do with the House of Lords Spiritual, being merely the director of such pieces as the *Gureans an bys* (Creation of the World), or *Beunans Meriasek* (Life of Meriadoc). Meriadoc is quite Celtic, partly Breton and partly Cornish, and at a pinch a sailor, like St. Brendan. One is pleased to find that the infernal *chef* (or one of his *aides*), Tulfic, has a treble voice, while Beelzebub and Satan sing bass. Pontius Pilate (his *prænomen* is apparently still unknown) is dreadfully travestied. His father's capture of Mithridates for Pompey the Great was known to Moses of Khorni, *not* to the Cornish. The play *Pascon agan Arluth* (Our Lord's Passion) is less amusing. Here are no pedant talking Latin in his cups, like Chaucer's Somnour, no sermons to man-eating wolves, no guzzling pipers. And now what have we of this Yuletide revel, of the *libertas Decembris*? "Nothing," answers the *Éclair*, "but '*Pantagruéliques nopces et festius*.'"

A *propos* of a communication to the *Daily Mail* of Tuesday last on "Business and Prayers," a correspondent writes: The American people are, with the exception of the English, the most religious nation on earth, and this fact has been recently illustrated by the action of an Episcopalian clergyman who has composed collects for use on special occasions in Wall Street. It is doubtless these forms of prayer to which the *Daily Mail* refers. They

have already met with the approval of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who in forwarding a copy of them to his friend the Archbishop of Canterbury, asked for his opinion of them as liturgical compositions. It is strange to find that our "beautiful liturgy" is not sufficient for the needs of a new country, but even the Book of Common Prayer must march with the times, and every one will admit that these collects are singularly free from sectarian prejudice and might be used by any denomination other than Roman Catholic, as the following examples show:

For the use of Staff of a Morning or Evening Prayer.

O Lord, from whom all good things do come; grant to us Thy independent coadjutors that by our own inspiration we may think of those things that really are good without the intervention or assistance of Laffan and Reuter; through, etc.

At the Formation of a Trust.

O God, the strength of them that belong to any Trust mercifully accept our shares; and if through the weakness of the market we have not got hold of a good thing, grant that with a good grace while keeping both thy commandments and that of the American legislature we may unload at a favourable opportunity; through, etc.

On the Departure of a Daughter for Europe.

O God, in whose sight the almighty dollar is of no less value than the English sovereign; mercifully grant that this our daughter now sailing for Europe in ss. [*name of vessel*] may effectually meet her peer, who will thus be made partaker of a treasure upon earth, which with his title anticipates and renders superfluous the rewards of paradise.

After a Smash when Directors have been Arrested.

O Lord, we beseech thee to clear us; and grant that we to whom thou hast given a hearty *desire* to pay may be ably defended and comforted: forgiving us those things whereof our conscience is afraid and granting us the benefit of that doubt which has been the safeguard of our financial existence.

A correspondent has addressed a long letter to us protesting against the trend of an article in last week's issue on The Decay of Illustration. His point is, in the first place, that American periodicals have not a higher standard of illustration than English periodicals, but that on the contrary they have nothing to compare with our best work of this kind. In the second place, although the effects produced by process reproduction are not equal to those of the old woodcut, they have nevertheless improved very greatly during recent years and it is somewhat old-fashioned to talk of photography as being a mere mechanical process. It has been employed during the last few years by artists for the production of art. The assertion that this is not so is merely an echo from a controversy that was rife ten or twelve years ago. There is much to be said for the view of our correspondent.

Prince Francis Liechtenstein has just bought the valuable library and scientific collection of the Russian historian, Professor Bilbasow, and has presented it as a gift, for the purpose of promoting the study of the history and position of Eastern Europe, to the Department of Public Instruction at Vienna. Professor Unterberger, of the Vienna University, has gone to St. Petersburg for the purpose of taking over possession and bringing the collection and library back with him.

The amount Mr. Carnegie has given during the past year for the erection of Libraries is by no means small. Including one sum of £7500 which in the case of Scarborough has not yet been accepted, the amount promised to the different library authorities during 1906 is £121,398. The total may be larger than this, as it is possible some gifts may not have been announced, but if there are any sums of this description they are probably small. An item of £13,000 must be deducted from the total amount, however, as Bath refused both to accept the gift and to adopt the Public Library Acts.

LITERATURE

THE NOVEL OF MANNERS

Honoré de Balzac. By FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE. French Men of Letters series. (Lippincott, 6s. net.)

IN this volume we have an excellent example of the late M. Brunetière's work, and to read it is to feel an increased regret that the services rendered by the author to literature have had *finis* written to them by the hand of death. No work exactly similar to this has ever appeared in English. M. Brunetière was as much immersed in the spirit of criticism as was Sainte-Beuve himself. He thought with clearness and precision, his opinions were of a decided character, and they are here expressed with copious energy. The author wastes no time over the trivial or irrelevant. He is passionately interested in Balzac, but beyond Balzac is always the French novel and beyond the French novel life itself. In a spirited preface he tells us that he intends this work to be not a memoir but a study. The reader is expressly warned not to seek here for information about Balzac's origin, "anecdotes of his college days, the tittle-tattle of his love-affairs, and the tedious narrative of his quarrels with newspapers or publishers." Thus the personal element is eliminated. Circumstance:

Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,

if not entirely ignored is at least neglected. M. Brunetière does not start with the childhood of Balzac, but with the childhood of the modern novel. The ancestors he is concerned with are not the forefathers of the "Inspector of Supplies for the First Military Division," but the fathers of the modern French novel, whom he finds in: Le Sage and Courtlitz de Sandras who invented Athos, Aramis, and Porthos. No doubt this is meant as a rap on the knuckles to the reputed parent of the immortal trio, for M. Brunetière has little sympathy with the so-called historical novelists. To him the elder Dumas was "nothing but a negro, one who was quite happy to exploit white people, and who laughed immoderately over it." M. Brunetière's great point is that the Novel of Manners, the story of contemporary life, is the real historical novel: it is the evidence of one who has seen with his own eyes and who has lived among the scenes he describes. Your studious bookman with bent head and pale face he will have none of; for of all forms of composition the novel is the one "whose roots should be most deeply implanted in reality." With the conclusions of M. Brunetière we confess ourselves in absolute agreement. The present degradation and low estate of the English novel are due to the success of those who have manufactured cheap art fabrics for the million, cloak and rapier stuff from which even the omnivorous schoolboy turns away. No age recorded in history is so romantic and so magical as that in which we live, but the man who essays to depict it needs more than a deft pen and the attributes of a sedulous ape.

M. Brunetière might have worked out his thesis more convincingly. Are the distinctions he draws vital? In trying to show that the novels of the half-century following "Gil Blas" "assumed almost universally the form of the personal narrative," he mentions "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," "Manon Lescaut" and "Marianne." He goes on to say that:

the success of the "novel in letters"—after the model of "Clarissa Harlowe" (1748) or "The New Heloise" (1762)—neither interrupted nor checked the vogue of the personal novel; but, on the contrary, it may be said, indeed it must be said, that its success contributed only to encourage that vogue. And, in truth, if "correspondence" is, so to speak, nothing else but a mutual diary, and is therefore also only a form of "confession," or, at all events, of "confidence," it will be seen how the novel in letters continues and extends the form of the personal narrative by broadening and diversifying it. It is herself, and no other, whom Clarissa Harlowe analyses, as Marianne did; and Saint-Preux differs from the Chevalier Des Grieux only in this, that he "anatomises" himself with more complacency.

It is curious that M. Brunetière never alludes to or mentions "Tom Jones," the apotheosis of the Novel of Manners, a work which fulfils all his conditions except that it does not take the form of a personal narrative or of a tale told in letters. Yet it is dominated by a personality who is none the less commanding because he does not mingle in the story or use the first personal pronoun.

Now let us glance at M. Brunetière's examination of the romance. A clue to his thought is to be found in a mot of one of the De Goncourts: "History is a novel which has been; a novel is history which might have been." He says the models and masterpieces of the historical novel are "Ivanhoe," "Quentin Durward," "The Abbot," "The Monastery," "Rob Roy," "I Promessi Sposi," "The Last of the Barons," and "Henry Esmond." But surely this is a "variegated" list. Are both "The Abbot" and "The Monastery"—a failure and a success—to be classed together? Are Scott and Thackeray to be placed on a throne (or bench) on which Manzoni and Bulwer-Lytton have an equal place? Worse still is the comment:

The historical novel having no other legitimate means of its own to attract and hold the reader's interest than its literal imitation of the past, if I may so speak, and a scrupulous exactness which might be compared to that of the painters of the Dutch school, it forced, as it were, by a return shock, this scrupulosity upon the representation of contemporary reality, and made of this literal imitation a sort of law of the form. It revived what formerly was life-like; and what is life-like to-day is therefore what will endure in the future. Such is the lesson to be drawn from the historical novel, and that is why the success of Walter Scott could not last.

This is altogether wrong. Not "literal imitation of the past," not "scrupulous exactness" (whenever was it found in a historical novel?), but adventure is the attraction. Even in historical novels the present has more influence than M. Brunetière admits. Sir Walter Scott, for instance, in Louis XI., Richard Leicester and the rest of his historical characters gives us only so many varieties of his own countrymen dressed in the garments and using the language of a different age and clime. The greatest of all truths is the essential truth to human nature, and when genius gives us this it may choose its own embroidery. Yet, while establishing this point of difference from M. Brunetière, we recognise with gratitude the immense value of his book and with how keen an interest it will be read by all "novel-makers."

He takes a pardonably high view of his subject, although admitting or boasting that whereas style with Flaubert was an end in itself, to Balzac it was only a means to an end. As a philosophy of life he places the novels of Balzac first, with those of George Eliot second, and the ground on which this criticism is based is stated in the following passage:

Balzac devotes himself to the new characters, the singularities "as yet unseen," which his time offers to his observation; and this is precisely what readers brought up on the classics find it extremely hard to forgive him. That which displeases them in his manner of conceiving and representing life is the very thing that shocks them in his style, which they consider, if I may so express it, scandalously "modern."

This is a sample of the acute and sound criticism with which the book abounds.

THE PLEASANTEST RAMBLE

A Last Ramble in the Classics. By HUGH E. P. PLATT. (London: Simpkin, Marshall; Oxford: Blackwell, 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS charming sequel to the charming "Byways in the Classics" is to be heartily welcomed from every point of view save one; Mr. Platt tells us that this is his last ramble. Homekeeping does not beseem a wit so far from homely; and the fount of so much brilliant comment and sparkling scholarship shows not the least symptom of running dry. Books like this do much to help the continuance and influence of classical reading, now

threatened on every side. They deserve the tribute paid to the performing dog of which Codlin in "The Old Curiosity Shop" declared: "that dawg would have made his master's fortun' besides revivin' the drayma."

The Preface (modestly called "Apology") gives an interesting *addendum* to De Quincey's famous denunciation of that bane of conversation, the professional story-teller. "It is no good your telling us stories," said G. A. Sala to a young man who showed a tendency of that kind; "if it's a proper one we don't want to hear it, and if it's improper we know it."

Many departments of social life are touched with the lightest hand, and many interesting observations thereon both new and true are made or suggested. It was not the wife's mother who was the target of the cheap humourists in ancient Rome. Juvenal (vi. 231) did launch one thunder-word after his manner,

Desperanda tibi salva concordia socru;

but the jealousy that seemed natural to the dramatists was that between the wife and her mother-in-law; Laches in Terence (*Hecyra* ii. 1, 4) puts it plainly:

Itaque adeo uno animo omnes socrus oderunt, oderunt, nurus.

Mr. Platt on his next appearance (for there will be a second edition of this "Ramble" and, we hope, another to follow) may think it worth while to add to his comments on *noverca* a reference to Aesch. *Prom.* 727, where a dangerous coast is described as "the maw of Salmi-dessus, rude hostess to mariners, stepmother of ships." To some diverting tales about Roman marriage he might add an incident related by Plutarch about the famous Cato of Utica. Cato had married as his second wife Marcia, the daughter of the consular Marcius Philippus. She was still young and beautiful, and had borne to him three children. He was much attached to her, but his bosom friend Hortensius conceived that his own feelings were still more deeply engaged, and requested Cato to be kind enough to divorce her, so that he might make her his wife. It sounds like a Bab Ballad, but Cato consented. "Observing," writes Plutarch, "how much the affections of his friend were engaged, Cato did not think his own feelings should be allowed to stand in the way." As to Marcia, it seems that, like the lady sung by an anonymous poet quoted by Mark Twain:

She loved her husband dearly,
But another man twicest as well.

She was married to Hortensius in the presence of Cato. To crown the absurdity of the situation, when some six years later Marcia became a widow, Cato at once remarried her. The bizarre incidents of the Roman marriage-market were various. Pompey, having divorced his wife for alleged adultery with Caesar, immediately married the daughter of his wife's seducer. Caesar, who repudiated a blameless wife with the words that Caesar's wife must be above suspicion, was called by Curio *omnium mulierum vir*. Cicero in his sixty-second year, the year before his death, married an heiress in her teens named Publilia, concerning whom he wrote to Atticus: "I never saw an uglier creature"; now Cicero was an exceptionally sober and "rangé" gentleman for his time. On p. 52 Mr. Platt quotes an amusingly pedantic definition of *pupae* "dolls" by Forcellini, which he compares with Johnson's famous definition of "network" as "anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections." Beside both may stand Hegel's definition of Notion (Stirling's translation of Schwegler's *History of Philosophy*, p. 329): "The Notion is the Unity of the Immediacy of Being with the self-diremption of Essence." Archbishop Whately used to ask his clergy the distinction between an Idea and a Notion, and when they had exhausted their metaphysics in attempted solutions, he would thus propound the answer: "An Idea is the object of the mind in thought, an Ocean is a vast expanse of water." Another favourite question of his was: "What is the vocative of cat?" The reply was generally "O cat!" The

Archbishop, with the true sense of grammar, said the vocative was "Puss, puss."

The sections on Proverbs and Mottoes are excellent reading. If we began to quote we should never stop. We will give only two timely mottoes:

For a Visit to a Country House
Plures dies [efficiendis] pontibus absumpti.—Tac. *Ann.* ii. 8.
For an Automobile Club.
Sunt quos curriculo praeepete pulverem
Collegisse juvat.—Hor. *Carm.* i. 1, 3.

The little essay on melody in poetry is full of interest. We read that Johnson's favourite verse from this point of view was

Formosam resonare doces Amarylida silvas.

The author is himself disposed to crown a lovely line from one of the stanzas to which Gray refused a place in his "Elegy":

And little footsteps lightly print the ground;

or Tennyson's exquisite:

The moan of doves in immemorial elms;

or Keats's

magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.

Tennyson reckoned among the most liquid lines in any language:

And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

We will not impose on the reader our own choice for melody, but for cacophony we hold that it would be hard to surpass Browning's:

Draughts dregwards loose tongues tied.

On p. 144 Mr. Platt makes a shrewd remark on a device useful in rendering a pregnant phrase, the transposition of the substantive and its epithet. Thus Gibbon translated *anilis superstitio* "the dotage of superstition." So Calverley in the ode beginning *Uxor pauperis Ibyci* renders *jamosisque laboribus* by "All thy studious infamies." The author naturally finds a difficulty in the way in which, in foreign words, usage sometimes throws back the accent, as in "senator," sometimes keeps it on the syllable which originally held it, as in "arena." Would it not be a good rule to retain it only when the word has a non-English termination? Thus we say *abdomen*, *vertigo*, *plethora*, but not *blasphemy*, *orator*. He very naturally asks why Lewis and Short give *platēa*. The penult is certainly short in classical Latin. Does the absurd rule of old Alvarez still dwell in their minds as it lives in the memory of the present writer, who once knew Alvarez's Prosody by heart, and still remembers much of it, though he has not seen it for fifty years? The dear old nonsense ("precious" nonsense) runs as follows:

Nomina Graecorum certa sine lege vagantur:
Quaedam etenim longis, see *dia*, *chorea*, *platea*,
Quaedam etiam brevibus, veluti *symphonia*, gaudent.

Mr. Platt remarks how often in quotation the order is reversed in *Hoc opus, hic labor est*. Another trap besets this passage. Most men if asked to repeat the passage after *facilis descensus Averno* will go on with *Sed revocare gradum*. Bnt between these two comes a fine line,

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis.

Among familiar misquotations he might have counted the very common substitution of "a" for "the" in

He left the name at which the world grew pale
To point a moral or adorn a tale.

We remember reading many years ago in an article on Eton in the *Cornhill Magazine* by an old Etonian that when the writer of the article was at Eton a boy sent up as a rendering of that couplet:

Linguebat nomen per quod jam palluit orbis
Pungere moralem seu caudam ornare superbam.

This may be "a fond thing vainly invented"; but *jam* and *superbam* are very natural.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

ANOTHER TERROR

Frederick York Powell. A Life, with a selection from his letters and occasional writings. By OLIVER ELTON. 2 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 21s. net.)

A PERUSAL of this book recalls very forcibly Lord Lyndhurst's remark when he heard that Lord Campbell had undertaken to write the Lives of the Lord Chancellors: "Another terror is added to death." Nothing would perhaps have displeased York Powell more than the suggestion that all his desultory writings and his private letters—never intended for eyes other than those to whom they were written—should be given to the public. It is a great pity that Mr. Elton was not true to his remark that "No one knows better than a reviewer the objection to reviving work of this kind"; his frankness in dealing with his hero is almost brutal. Since Froude gave us his representation of Carlyle it has hardly been equalled. We should be the last to deny the cleverness and ability of one who was a valued contributor to this journal, but we feel that Mr. Elton has hardly done York Powell justice. We should never have said: "Powell loved heathendom being himself a heathen." We believe that this is giving an entirely wrong idea of his character. He loved not heathendom but the determination and courage of which the heathen world showed many fine examples. That his was Hero-worship more than Heathen-worship, is exemplified in his idea that the proper form of histories intended for schools should be on the lines of Plutarch rather than on those of Eutropius. This may be a wrong view, but it is the view that York Powell, Green and others put forward as the teaching of the Oxford history school as opposed to the more prosaic view of the narrative of events advocated by Lord Acton and the Cambridge historians. It was almost a necessity that York Powell should hold it. His association with Vigfusson and his study of northern literature made it practically a certainty. To quote Mr. Elton: "this association enabled Powell to satisfy the dream that was once cherished in our Universities of sitting in the study of the master of learning, watching his ways, helping to produce his works, and soon becoming his indispensable partner." Vigfusson was the prophet of the Icelandic saga, and Powell, as his disciple, became a worshipper of the prophet's idols, the heroes of the sagas.

We agree with Mr. Elton that it is a pity that the English Universities contain no place for men like Powell, who should be able to concentrate themselves on some one great task and make it the work of their lifetime; and that unless a man is content "to spend himself on college tuition or sterilise himself for the good, real or seeming, of his pupils," Oxford has no place for him. As he says, Powell's strength did not lie in that direction; he would hardly have respected himself if it had. Although it is true that Powell had possibly a wider miscellaneous learning than any other resident Oxford graduate of his time, it was not the learning that Oxford wanted taught to undergraduates. It could utilise him only in teaching something it wanted, and he was set to teach the rudiments of law. It was unfortunate, but in order to live York Powell had to work. This gave him a living, but it injured his scholarship: had he been able to concentrate his power he would have left an enduring monument; as it was his talents were wasted. As his biographer tells us:

With all his gifts and historical erudition he left no large example behind him of the methods that he urged. He did not produce much historical writing of a continuous kind; he said clearly and sharply and repeatedly what he thought of the relation of written history to ethics on the one side and literature on the other.

This, however, is hardly what is expected from the Regius Professor of History at Oxford. We admit the great, the exceptional, difficulties of the task that awaited any one who undertook the duties of the post at the time when York Powell was appointed. Oxford had become

accustomed to the carefully prepared, picturesque essays in which Froude detailed, in his splendid prose, some incident of the Reformation history. If Froude's accuracy was doubtful his language was perfect. A greater contrast than there was between York Powell and Froude it would be difficult to imagine. Most of us have read some of Froude's lectures; here is Mr. Elton's account of York Powell's inaugural lecture:

Powell misreckoned his time, was troubled with notes, and stopped abruptly after half an hour. When he had jerked out his earnest advice that they should look to calendaring state papers and the exploration of local archives and closed with the names of three reclusive scholars whose names they dimly knew, they could hardly believe that it was all over. There is no sign that Powell thought he had missed fire unless it be that he did not print the lecture in the customary way.

The opening was inauspicious, and York Powell never regained the opportunity he lost. He held the chair for nine years, till his death, and it will be best to give Mr. Elton's account of his work:

Powell's successor, Mr. Frith, had to open his own career with a grave public protest against the methods of Historical teaching in the University. Powell was not and did not become a popular and frequented lecturer; it was often said he could not lecture at all. He did not gather round him a serried numerous band of young investigators. He did not become a captain of organised research like Mommsen. He did not publish any historical work of larger compass than a short article or address. He had as a professor few visible annals.

We have quoted this because we prefer to give the considered judgment of the biographer rather than our own. It is a sterner one than we should have passed on York Powell but it is not wholly untrue. He ought never to have been made Regius Professor of History. He was unfit for the post, not from lack of learning, for probably no more widely learned man was then at Oxford, but for the reason Mr. Elton gives, that he underestimated the lecture as a means of letting light and air into half-awakened or stagnant spirits.

We recognise the difficulty of Mr. Elton's task in compiling the biography of his friend, and we feel that he has performed the task conscientiously; but in closing the book we cannot help wishing that it had not been undertaken. York Powell was one of those men to whom no biography can do justice. There is nothing to write about; and to be obliged continually to refer to great learning and no tangible results is a thankless task, especially if four hundred and fifty pages have to be made of it. Mr. Elton has failed partly because failure was inevitable, partly because of a certain lack of sympathy with his subject; but he has one quality which is also his main defect—a fine impartiality.

BIOGRAPHY FOR THE MILLION

St. Catherine of Siena and Her Times. By the Author of "Mademoiselle Mori." (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a remarkable book. It seems to sum up in itself a whole method peculiar to latter-day England and to America, a method of bookmaking in which any real knowledge of the subject upon which one writes is apparently the last thing necessary. A fluent style, not too grammatical; a gift for taking one's facts where one finds them and spoiling them in the taking; and an extraordinary carelessness in dealing with, and ignorance of the language of, the country or person of whom one writes, are the only equipment needed. It has become necessary to speak out, and since Italy has particularly suffered from such writers it is well that it should be a book on a great Italian that gives us an opportunity to deal with these things.

The first thing that strikes us on opening this book on St. Catherine is the curiously small number of authorities cited. There is no bibliography such as a scholar includes in his work, thus acknowledging his debts as an

honourable man should, and giving his reader some guarantee of the seriousness of his work. Our author, who prefers to remain anonymous, gives in all perhaps ten names of writers at the bottom of the pages without for the most part naming any of their books, or editions. Generally she merely writes a name—"Gigli" for instance—at the foot of the page. Now Gigli is responsible for at least three books; but we have no means of knowing which she refers to, or to what page or volume. This, however, is a specimen of her work when she is more or less careful; five times out of ten she will write her authorities' names wrong. Thus, on page 3 she writes "Zeekaner"—meaning, we may suppose, that great Tuscan scholar, Zdekauer. We begin to wonder whether she has ever really seen the work in question. Our wonder increases as we proceed. On page 11 she cites "Bentivoglienti" as an authority, writing it as though she had information from him *viva voce*. Who is Bentivoglienti, we ask ourselves? We never heard of him. It is only after a long time that we conclude that she must mean Benvoglienti, who wrote the Preface to the *Cronache Sanesi* in Muratori (Rer. Ital. Scrip. xv.). On page 58 she quotes "Neri di Donati," meaning Neri di Donato, while on page 107 she refers us to "Tennyson's Memoirs." We should like to see these. Again on page 185 she quotes "Capocelatro," meaning Capecelatro.

So much for the authorities our author does quote. Let us pass to those she does not. One might almost say that the whole of that part of the work dealing with the times of St. Catherine has been based on, and sometimes whole passages taken verbatim from, the various works of Mr. William Heywood, a very fine scholar some of whose works have not been published in England; and from Mr. Langton Douglas's "History of Siena." Yet from cover to cover the names of these writers are never once mentioned! In Mr. Heywood's case, the morality of this free use of his work is open to question. In England his "Ensamples of Fra Filippo: a study of mediæval Siena" (Siena, Torrini 1901) is not well known. It is certainly the finest study of a mediæval Italian city in the language. Our author has used it without scruple or acknowledgment—a most discourteous act, especially as the book was not published in this country. This in itself would be curious, but it becomes more extraordinary since she has here and there changed words of Mr. Heywood's to other words of her own, as though to free herself from obligation. Debts cannot be so paid. As this is a matter which concerns every writer and scholar, we will be particular in our choice of examples. Had our author acknowledged the debt, though there might have been nothing to say, we should have thought her large use of another writer's work almost indefensible. Scholars like Mr. Heywood may seem to our writer mere dry-as-dust researchers, whose work should be "brightened up" and used to adorn a pleasing tale, the very heart of which she has dragged from their less popular works. Apparently the writer of "St. Catherine and Her Times" does not know the "Assempri" of Fra Filippo apart from Mr. Heywood's book. If she does, this is a strange coincidence.

St. Catherine . . . and Her
Times, p. 34.

How is it that thou considerest not thy duty? he demands. See'st thou not the pig which always squeals and always clamours and always befools thine houses, yet thou sufferest him till the time cometh when he is fit to kill. This forbearance thou showest only that thou mayest have his flesh to eat. Consider thou pitiful rascal, consider the noble profit of the woman and have patience. Not for every trifle should'st thou beat her.

"Consider thou pitiful rascal"—"Considera gattivello" it is in the original. Could it have occurred to two

people independently to translate "gattivello" "pitiful rascal" . . . and the rest?

Again:

St. Catherine, p. 9.

another who after a life which was a long hymn of love and goodness feeling death approach thankfully knelt down laying his tired head on the Gospels and so passed away.

Ensamples, p. 223.

other pious anchorite whose life had been one long hymn of love and kindness and who feeling the hour of his death approaching kneeled down and laid his weary head upon the Missal which he had opened at the words, "In manus tuas Domine," etc.

The original is: "e poi si pose ni ginocchioni e co' le braccia si riposava su'n un gofano et aveva el Missale aperto inanzi in quella parte del passio di S. Luca evangelista che dice In manus tuas Domine," etc.

There is nothing here about laying "his weary head"; that is Mr. Heywood, and we may suppose the "Gospels" substituted for "Missale" for reasons we need not explain. There are many other passages of a like character; but space and the will to quote them alike are lacking. By this it must be obvious to all that our author has used Mr. Heywood mercilessly without even a "Thank you." Let us turn to another sort of failing.

On page 6 (*cf.* Ensamples, p. 118, notes 5 and 6) the saying of Paolo di Ser Pace da Certaldo is attributed to Fra Filippo Aguzzari (*sic*). So that our author spells even the name of the author of "Gli Assempri" wrong, for it should be Agazzari. This mistake occurs everywhere. On page 8 Fra Niccolo Tino should be Fra Niccolò Tini. On page 11 (*cf.* Ensamples, p. 269) our author speaks of the "dark arches of Fonteblanda in whose waters the were-wolves . . . bathed to recover human shape." It is a misreading of Ensamples, p. 269. The superstition as to the were-wolves is quite modern. On page 13 (*cf.* Ensamples, 99 *et seq.*) our author refers to a receipt for dyeing the hair. This receipt is mentioned by Mr. Heywood; but our author says it was this receipt which Catherine's mother urged her to use. What is her authority? It is manifest nonsense. On pages 21-22 (*cf.* Ensamples, pp. 75 *et seq.*) our author states that there was an affresco of our Lord at Vignona (*sic*). There is not. The fresco is at Macereto. Vignone is to-day almost as it was in St. Catherine's time. The hot-water spout where she half boiled herself may still be seen.

On page 25 our author writes: "a man most evil traitorous, perfidious, merciless, and cruel beyond all diabolical imagination who took more delight in slaying than did many wild beasts. The Italian is "Che più si deletteva di uccidere gli uomini che molti le fieri salvatiche": which means, of course: "he took more delight in slaying men, than many take in hunting wild beasts." (*cf.* Ensamples p. 205.) Here, too, our author speaks of the "sermons" of Fra Filippo. The "Assempri" were not sermons. On page 31 our author says that the Palio was run on foot in St. Catherine's days. She gives no authority for this statement. There is a statute of 1262 (quoted by Mr. Heywood, "Palio and Ponte," p. 63) *qui currerent eques* etc. This is a good instance of the enormous inaccuracy of statement in this book.

On page 35 (*cf.* Ensamples 164) our author writes Piazza Prusierla. There is no such place in Siena. It should be, we suppose, Piazza di Postierla. On the same page she says that "Baths were unknown" in the Siena of St. Catherine. This is absolutely false, as we shall see if we compare Ensamples p. 42, and G. Giacosa *La vita privata ne' castelli* in "La vita italiana nel Rinascimento" 1899, p. 40, quoted by Mr. Heywood. On page 39, Campidoglio is written for Campiglia. On page 49 our author speaks of Via Infangato. There is no Via Infangato in Siena, and if there were it would not mean "Muddy Street," it would mean a street bespattered with mud by some extraneous force. The true name is Via Malfango. The person who traversed Via

Ensamples of Fra Filippo.
Heywood, p. 40.

How is it [he says] that thou considerest not thy duty? See'st thou not also the pig which always squeals and always clamours, and always befools thy house and yet thou sufferest him until the time cometh when he is fit to kill. This forbearance thou shewest only that thou mayest have the profit of his flesh to eat the same. Consider thou pitiful rascal, consider the noble profit of the woman, and have patience. Not for every trifle should'st thou beat her.

Malfango might be Infangato. On page 37 she writes "Sovrana" for Sovana. As we learn from L. Bianchi's note to the "Prediche Volgari" of St. Bernardino (vol. i. p. 100): "Sovana è il nome che ha la maggior campana del Duomo di Siena . . . ed è così chiamato perchè i Senesi la tolsero al campanile del bellissimo Duomo della diserta Sovana"; see also the Cronaca of Bindino da Travale p. 152. On page 40 she writes "Salimbena" and elsewhere "Salimbene" for Salimbeni.

Such are the first fifty pages of "St. Catherine of Siena and Her Times," by the author of "Mademoiselle Mori." It is useless to pursue the matter, and indeed we have already devoted a considerable amount of space to this inaccurate book only because it is about the worst specimen of its class which we have seen.

SOCIETY IN THE COUNTRY HOUSE

Society in the Country House. By T. H. S. ESCOTT. (Unwin, 16s.)

MR. ESCOTT belongs to that genial and companionable class of writers whose reminiscences form an indispensable commentary upon and amplification of the solid matter of history and biography: a class which, since Pepys and Evelyn, has furnished through its Creeveys and Grevilles the living hues with which a future generation may clothe the dry bones of the past. It is the chronicler of what may seem at the time small beer, with his retentive memory, his sense of humour, his almost invariable tendency to prolixity, who supplies the little intimate touches without which no portrait of a man or his times is complete.

The large volume before us possesses both the merits and the failings of its type. In his opening and concluding pages, Mr. Escott certainly endeavours to indicate a definite plan on which the book is worked out; but it is needless to trouble about the train of thought, which disappears after the introductory chapter, and makes a dutiful reappearance only on the last page. We prefer to take the book as a cheerful jumble of interesting sidelights on people and events, the value of which consists in its mirroring the passing phases of thought in the fashion and speech of the time. It is left to the reader to supply his own perspective, and to select the grain from the inevitable chaff of anecdote and genealogy. Mr. Escott wisely devotes his chief attention to matters within his personal knowledge, either at first-hand or from direct information—houses which he has himself visited, and notabilities with whom, or with whose contemporaries, he has come into contact. His acquaintance with the last survivors of the Regency, bucks like Captain Gronow and Mr. Alfred Montgomery, carries his store of anecdote back to the beginning of the nineteenth century, and gives additional interest to his chapter upon early days at Brighton.

This tour round some of the notable country houses of England includes many whose notability is derived from other reasons than those of wealth or architectural splendour. Such are Alfoxden, which Wordsworth and Coleridge rented with its deer-park for £40 a year: Sarsden Rectory, with its memories of "Soapy Sam": and Morwenstow Vicarage in R. S. Hawker's day. Such a progress, including West Dean and Waddesdon, Arundel and Petworth, is likely to leave one's head in a whirl if made at a high speed, and, like most diarists and writers of reminiscence, Mr. Escott is most enjoyable as an occasional companion. The glimpses which he gives us into the less-known sides of the lives of public men are varied and sometimes pathetic, as when we see Lord Palmerston in 1865:

Coming out of the house bareheaded, walking straight up to some high railings opposite the front door. Then looking round to see that no spectator was near, the old man climbed over the top rail on to the ground on the other side; next, turning round, he climbed back once more. It was his way of testing his strength, and discovering whether ground had been lost or gained.

For the most part, however, the anecdotes—which are the best things in the book—are such as this of Lord Lytton and his young Australian visitor:

Looking at some China ornaments especially prized by their owners the young man nervously let one slip through his fingers—not, however, to the ground, for Lord Lytton, at once putting out his hand, arrested the fall of the ornament with the words, "Fielded, by Jove! and saved my crockery."

Among the literary stories is one of Douglas Cook, of the *Saturday*, and his contributor, Mrs. Lynn Linton. "Has he not," she would say, "stormed at me, cursed me, on one occasion actually hit me, on one of his bad days?"

There are a few good new things among the Oxford pages, together with much that one has heard before; and, although Mr. Escott has not lighted upon any fresh Jowett story, Liddon's *mot* at Jowett's table is a hard one to beat:

Talbot (head of Keble), a good scholar but a bad whip, had upset into a ditch the then Khedive's son, Prince Hassan. Proposing to drive Liddon home, he received the reply, "What, intendest thou to kill me, as thou killedst the Egyptian yesterday?"

Among the gifted ladies whom Mr. Escott has met was Mrs. Grote, the historian's wife, of whom Sydney Smith once observed: "Grote, hence the word grotesque." He gives us a good description of this lady, who

affected a masculine manner and to some extent a masculine dress, and who, sitting with one leg crossed over the other and both legs as high up as possible, would lecture Dean Stanley on ecclesiastical history, Max Müller on Sanscrit epics, Count Saffi on Italian literature, and any local expert in agriculture on the growing of turnips or the breeding of Southdowns.

We must bring our quotations to a close with the delightful American lady of the Via Babuino, who invited Lord Malmesbury to a reception "in Baboon Street, near the Pope propagating houses."

MEDIEVAL BUILDERS

Westminster Abbey and the Kings' Craftsmen. By W. R. LETHABY. (Duckworth, 12s. 6d. net)

As a statesman and warrior Henry III. was deficient; but as a patron of art he stands first among our kings, for he not merely ordered and collected, he initiated and controlled the execution of works of surpassing beauty at the finest moment of the Gothic age. The history of his greatest achievement, and of the craftsmen of genius who nobly carried out the task he had set them, is now given to us, after years of painstaking study of written record and surviving structure, by Professor Lethaby. He seeks to rebuild in our imaginations this "supreme work of art" in all its perfection of form, its beauty of adornment, its suavity of environment, its church and chapter-house, its monastery and mill, its garden and farm, seated by the side of the king's palace on the bank of the clear-running Thames.

Our Angevin kings were French by race and training and English only by residence and position. They were surrounded by a Court of foreign-speaking laymen, and their ecclesiastics were members of a cosmopolitan church. There was, therefore, nothing narrow or insular in Henry's outlook on the art of his age, or in the *personnel* which he gathered round him to execute his schemes. By a minute comparison of Henry's work at Westminster with contemporary French examples, Professor Lethaby clearly establishes that the English coronation church resulted from a full knowledge and observation of the French one, and the dates support this. "When Westminster was begun, the choir of Rheims had been consecrated four years." But, also, the English designers had likewise mastered the details of St. Louis's "incomparable" chapel—which he was just completing in Paris for the reception of the Crown of Thorns—and of the great church at Amiens, begun some years before Westminster and

completed in the same year, which was sufficiently advanced for consecration. And yet our Abbey is English and not French. "It is a remarkable thing, indeed, that this church, which was so influenced by French facts, should, *in spirit*, be one of the most English of English buildings." This is sufficiently accounted for by the fact that it was native in design and execution. None of the leading craftsmen of its *structure* appear to have been foreigners. John of St. Omer, Peter de Hispania, William of Florence may have painted there; but so also did William of Westminster, "the king's beloved painter," and Walter of Durham, the probable artist of the surviving altar retable, "the most beautiful thirteenth-century painting in England." And London, Gloucester and Beverley supplied the designers and artificers in chief.

It was in 1245 that the King ordered the pulling down of Edward the Confessor's church, which had been consecrated in 1065—a few weeks only before its founder's death—but had been altered and continued all through the twelfth century. The Lady Chapel, which had only recently been completed, was left, but the Norman choir and transepts were gradually removed. Meanwhile stone and other material for the new work were being collected, and in the following year Master Henry the mason was authorised to receive them as master of the works at Westminster, and himself acquired two messuages close by, where he took up his abode and remained as the chief architect and overseer till 1253, when the absence of all further mention of him in the accounts seems to indicate his death. "By this time the work was so far advanced that Master Henry must be considered as the architect of the building in all its parts." He was succeeded by John of Gloucester, who had charge of other royal works as well, for next year he was promised ten "librates" of land for his services to the King at Gloucester, Woodstock, Westminster and elsewhere. With him, as keeper of the works, was associated Alexander the carpenter, who had from the beginning been head of the timber work at the Abbey, and whose *rôle*, now that the stalls and other fittings were in progress, was increasing in importance. Both these men had, twice a year, furred robes of office supplied to them. After 1260 we hear no more of them, and Robert of Beverley is in charge and continues to conduct various royal works into the reign of Edward I. By 1269 he brought forward the building then in progress—the choir, transepts and four bays of the nave—to a usable, though unfinished condition, and:

On Oct. 13, the anniversary of his first translation, the Confessor was enshrined in the marvellous, but still incomplete feretory of gold, silver, and precious stones, beneath the new structure which the king, at his own cost, had built from the foundation, and in the presence of a great concourse of prelates, barons and commoners. On this day the monks first celebrated the mysteries within the new building. (p. 169.)

The interior ever surprises me by its loveliness. The grace of the parts and their ordered disposition, the slender springing forms and the gaiety of the style, the fine materials and the romantic early monuments, are arresting beauties of a matchless whole. (p. 3.)

With historic precision, Professor Lethaby continues his account of the progress of the work and the lives of the workers throughout the Plantagenet reigns. The noble series of royal tombs he not only dates and describes; he assigns them to their particular creators. The whole succession of master masons and their individual imprint on the Abbey, whose monastic buildings, cloisters, nave and west end were gradually rebuilt during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, are duly catalogued to the time when Henry VII. determined to remove the early Lady Chapel and erect a new royal mausoleum in its place. "Built wholly in the sixteenth century, and yet without any taint of the Renaissance," his chapel completes the Gothic cycle of which the Abbey is so full a presentment. Just as Henry II. shows it in the fresh vigour and simple elegance of its first full development, so does Henry VII. give us a choice example of it in the tricky cleverness and gorgeous

elaboration of its decadence: "As an exercise in architectural composition of intentionally romantic cast, self-conscious, elaborate and artificial, it is a work of extraordinary merit." Of all this what have we preserved? Of the inside, much; of the outside nothing—not even a meritorious copy. We have the havoc of the modern Gothic architect who feels he knows better than did Master Henry of London or Master John of Gloucester what "early English" work was like.

Until our own, every age has had its style; it has been proud of it; it has believed in its superiority to that which preceded it and which it has therefore not hesitated to replace. We have none of this; we are conscious copyists; we set out to build not in our own, but in the Gothic, or Renaissance or Georgian style. And yet we subject old examples of such work to deeper destruction than did those who professedly despised them. Fully clad in the mantle of Palladio and Bramante, it was intellectually impossible for Wren to impregnate himself with the mediæval spirit. Yet he respected the past more than did Pearson, who claimed to be a devoted follower of the Early English masters. Wren sought to do the necessary repairs "without modern mixtures to show my own inventions." What "inventions" the later restorer of the north transept has indulged in is fully and conclusively set out in Professor Lethaby's third chapter. We have only space for one example.

Henry III. did his work at the very moment when the French school was seeking to expand the window space to its uttermost and had just invented the plan of *isolating* the wall ribs of the vault from the wall itself, thus allowing the great rose windows of their gable ends to be set in a square whose spandrels were pierced and glazed. This new fashion was seized upon by Master Henry the mason, and both his transepts had roses of this character. The south rose, though altered in the fifteenth century and renewed about 1670, has always retained its pierced spandrels. The north rose remained untouched till, in Wren's time, it called for renewal. Wren had a careful drawing made of the original, and that drawing survives. He then renewed the window. His tracery—it was there until a few years back—was totally lacking in mediæval verve and spirit—inevitably so; but he had enough respect for the past to retain the old plan. His spandrels were pierced. Now—for what reason we do not know—Wren's work has been torn away and in its place we find a rose window with solid spandrels, a nice window, perhaps, but *not* Master Henry's window, not the window of such surpassing interest as showing us that Henry III.'s architect, far from being insular, was so informed and cosmopolitan that he introduced a development which Rheims, his model, had not reached, and which, though it had been adopted in one or two lesser churches, was only used at Rouen twenty years later.

How different it would have been with the Abbey church if, instead of all the learned and ignorant experiments to which it has been subjected, this ever fresh energy in pulling down and setting up, there had been steadily carried on during the last century a system of careful patching, staying and repair. (p. 91.)

For genuine love of the past; for unwearied study of its records and minute observation of its examples; for accurate marshalling of facts and for incontrovertible conclusions in support of admirable principles, Professor Lethaby's book deserves high commendation.

We have not yet, however, reached his devotion to whitewash.

LE ROI SOLEIL

The Great Days of Versailles. By G. F. BRADBY. (Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. BRADBY presents a sombre picture of this distinguished formal period, without any brilliance but with too much care to be at all disappointing, though at times we wish for the lightness and gaiety of style which were

the feature of his charming story "Dick" and his flippant farce "The Marquis's Eye." Here he wears his robes of office; and though cap and gown become him as they become few, somehow his pen moves without its customary ease and grace: his hand is a little encumbered. Not that he is pedantic—the writer of "Dick" would have a long road to travel before he reached pedantry—but he has taken a few steps in that direction and his sentences show signs of heaviness. We cannot help wishing that he had written this book, too, in his Norfolk jacket.

Versailles and its great originator, Louis XIV., suggest the last word of courtly grandeur and polished grace: of the days which produced Molière, and when, to use an adroit phrase, "vice lost half its evil by losing all its grossness." It speaks in the picture of an artist, Rigaud perhaps, in which Louis, le Roi Soleil, is handing a lady, Le Vallière or de Montespan or another, into a royal coach. On one side stands a long row of magnificently dressed ladies of the court, curtsying with formal precision, on the other side stand the court gentlemen bowing with equal uniformity, as the King's mistress puts her foot on the step: and in the background the sun is setting in red splendour behind the stately formal palace of Versailles. Mr. Bradby's picture is sombre because invariably he goes a little below that polished surface; he protracts the ceremony a little unkindly beyond the great moment of its consummation, and sees the court ladies home to their wretched apartments packed away in unhealthy corners, which have been grudgingly spared from the spacious rooms of state. He listens to their disputes and squabbles; he even escorts the grand monarch to his private room, and amidst the odd medley of his children shows the monumental dulness to cope with which Madame de Maintenon needed all her prodigious strength. He does not dwell on the gorgeous youth of Louis, but on his sad distinguished old age, when more and more pomp became necessary to him to thwart the dreary slowness of Time's gradual advance. Magnificence should serve as the setting of ardour, not as the cloak under which to hide senility. What was the expression of a king's greatness became the exponent of a man's weakness.

The best thing in the book is Mr. Bradby's treatment of Madame de Maintenon; but some of the tremendous contrast of her influence in that court is lost because the full colour of the King's youth is not given. In treating his early days Mr. Bradby is too inclined to award praise and blame: and they are dangerous commodities when handled by a writer whose purpose is to summon the past to life. Much is lost and little is gained by judging one age by the moral standard of another. Nothing may be more commendable than morality, but morality contains no elixir: its touch is cold and deadening. So the drama of Madame de Maintenon's rise to almost supreme power stands by itself: and for that reason its poignancy is diminished. You see the stern patroness of *dévots*, with her passion for educating and her genius for moulding others by her will and patience to the pattern which she desired them to take. You see her coming slowly upon Louis, like a punishment almost, or like the embodiment of his own advancing years, bringing with her unexampled common sense and chill austerity. The govern-ness of the children of the King's most brilliant mistress, de Montespan, became the terrible comfort of his old age and his wife. "Mad world, my masters." But the isolated portrait of this remarkable woman is depicted with deep understanding, though the greatness of the woman who practised economy at the most extravagant of courts, who was content with a competence when brilliant fortunes were given with a jest, and who loved power for its own impersonal sake, is not fully realised, because the magnificence and splendour in the midst of which she moved, and to which she was superior, are not realised at their true significance.

BY LAND AND SEA

Personal Adventures and Anecdotes of an Old Officer. By Colonel JAMES P. ROBERTSON. (Arnold, 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a good tale of adventure, told in a cheery, breezy, way which says as much for the light heart of its author as his own statement that at the age of eighty-four he can take a twenty-mile run or more on his bicycle, and feel blither for it. The volume is full of good stories, telling anecdotes, gallant exploits and hair-breadth adventures, related in a manner which at once fascinates and compels admiration for the old officer and his comrades. Like Sir Evelyn Wood, Sir John French, and Sir Henry Hildyard, Colonel Robertson was a middy before he took to soldiering, and a love for the sea and life afloat bore fruit in many stirring episodes in his subsequent career, while to the credit of the seaman's instinct thus early imparted may be placed that readiness of resource so frequently exhibited during the vicissitudes of his military life.

Joining an East Indiaman, on a voyage to Calcutta, he was one day ordered to go with a quarter-master, who had something to do in the magazine, a strong iron room down in the after-hold. His orders were to sit at the scuttle, and hold a lantern so that the quarter-master could see:

Presently I heard the iron door open, and I got a peremptory order to come down with the lantern, as he rather noisily informed me—with a good deal of strong language—that he could not see what he was doing. I accordingly went and held the lantern up outside the open door. After fumbling about for some time, he ordered me to come inside, lantern and all. In I went, and sat down on a bag of gunpowder. Presently, after some more fumbling, I got the order, "Take the candle out of the lamp and hold it in your hand." "Oh, dear!" I said, "what would the Captain say if he knew this?" to which the Quartermaster replied, with a fresh edition of strong language intermixed: "I know just as well as the Captain that, if you drop that candle, we'll all be in hell-fire in less than five minutes."

We decline to believe that Colonel Robertson said "Oh, dear."

His next trip was to the West Indies, where he was considerably surprised to find that the emancipated slaves had been most comfortably provided for by their late owners. Escaping an attempt at murder by a negro who stole into his bedroom in the dead of night, and also the attack of a wild boar, which passed a tusk through his left leg, he almost fell a victim to yellow fever on the return voyage. On his arrival home, he was sent to the Edinburgh Military Academy, and then joined the 31st Regiment, taking passage with a draft of recruits to Calcutta for the purpose. Before, however, he reached Umballa, where the regiment was stationed, he had more than one strange experience, in which an alligator, a cobra that got into bed with him, and a tiger took part. The 31st was a famous regiment, but scarcely up to the standard of the present day in some respects. The colonel was an old Peninsular officer, one of the majors was accustomed to mount his horse from a chair, a captain had fought at Waterloo, and as to the rank and file, many of them had grey hair and had both sons and grandsons serving in the ranks, and many of the married women had been born in the regiment. For all this, it was a grand old corps, made up of tough fighting men, who gave a hearty welcome to the new subaltern. We learn how he escaped from an elephant which knocked over his tent, and how his duties were varied by shooting expeditions and theatricals, about which he relates this anecdote:

In one play I came on as a young lady leading a pet dog by a scarlet ribbon. Lieutenant Bray was my lover. He walked gracefully forward, exclaiming "Dearest Susan," and threw himself into an attitude of devotion, when my pet dog pinned him by the calf of the leg, and his speech ended in a yell of pain, to the huge delight of the audience, who roared till their tears ran down. Shortly afterwards Lieutenant Dash had to be discovered (as the curtain went up) in the centre of the stage, dressed as a lady and about to sing. The curtain had to be rolled up from the bottom by two men, at the side (out of sight, of course). The bell rang, and up went the curtain, catching the lady's (?) dress. She seized the curtain, and struggled to force it down. Another tug from the men—quite unaware why the curtain would not go up—when up went the poor lady, hanging on

and kicking frantically. What all the audience saw was a pair of legs, kicking wildly up and down two or three times, till the curtain finally went down with a bang and the petticoats were released. Of course, these little incidents were quite as much amusement to the audience as the play, knowing as they did who the actors were.

Shortly afterwards the news came that India was invaded, and, with his regiment, our hero went through the sanguinary battles of the first Sikh War. At the Battle of Moodkec, 1845, he mentions seeing Captain Napier, afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala, riding all alone, dressed in plain clothes, having nothing but a walking-stick in his hand, and, although in the midst of the fighting, escaping unhurt. He himself had a narrow escape, for, as he passed a tree, a Sikh officer made a fair cut to take off his head. Lieutenant Pollard, who was immediately behind him, put his sword over his head and caught the blow, and at that moment a Grenadier drove his bayonet into the Sikh and drew his trigger.

After the campaign, Colonel Robertson was sent home with a large party of wounded men, and was complimented by the Duke of Wellington, then Commander-in-Chief, upon his conduct of the affair. Presently we find him in Ireland, where, among other amusing incidents of sport and service, he relates how, during the elections in 1852, he was quartered at Ennis:

One afternoon a riot was anticipated, and I received a message from Mr. Franks, the magistrate, who was a brother of Colonel Franks, of the 10th Regiment, telling me that we were to remain under arms all night as a big row was expected. It was a very still, hot summer evening, and Lieutenant Prevost was amusing himself with his harmonium, and as he had a good voice, was singing. Just as he finished one of his songs, by this time well into the night, a thundering knock came on the outer gates. The sentry shouted out at the top of his voice, "Who comes there?" and every man in the barracks jumped up and seized his arms. In a moment there was a dead silence, the men eagerly listening to know what was up. "Who comes there?" shouted the sentry a second time. And a very small voice outside the gate replied, "If you please, Mr. Sintry, will you ask the gentleman to sing that over again?" and the sentry's indignant reply was drowned in the shouts of merriment from the men.

The regiment was ordered to the Ionian Islands, where our author kept a yacht, and with his adventures in the Mediterranean and shooting parties in Greece we have another series of amusing and dramatic incidents. Then came the war with Russia, and we find him in the trenches before Sevastopol, commenting on the disgraceful state of the transport, undertaking the water-supply himself, and eventually being placed in charge of the transport of the second division of the Army, which he speedily brought into a better state.

The chapters devoted to the Crimea, where his battalion remained until nearly the last, are full of graphic scenes and stirring incidents of military life, in which the names of many distinguished men occur. It was decided after the war to establish a military train, on similar lines to that of the French, and the old land transport having been disbanded, Colonel Robertson was selected to assist in the formation of the new unit. He was allowed to choose his men from the cavalry, and, as he says himself, no finer body was ever collected together in one regiment, many of the non-commissioned officers being from the Life Guards, the Scots Greys, and the Royal Horse Artillery. When war broke out with China in 1856, his battalion was picked for foreign service, but during the voyage it was diverted to India, in consequence of the Mutiny. He describes his arrival at Calcutta, where he reported himself to Sir Colin Campbell:

His first question was, "What are you, and what can you do?" I replied, "We can do anything." "Anything?" he cried, in violent excitement, "What do you mean?" "Sir," I answered, "we can act as infantry or cavalry, or drive artillery guns; but we are not gunners, though my men can all ride and drive a pair." "What do you mean," he said, "by saying you can do cavalry?" "Why," I replied, "we are nearly all trained cavalry men, and we can act as such." "Take care what you say, young man; remember, if I make you cavalry and you fail, the responsibility will fall on me, not you." And then in a very sharp voice he asked, "Are you prepared to take that responsibility?" I said, "I am, sir."

And after an interview with Lord Canning, cavalry the battalion came. The chapters which describe the performances of the military train cavalry in India are as fascinating as any in the volume, and through marvellous exploits and narrow escapes our hero had a charmed life, until, after the capture of Lucknow, he was struck down by the heat of the sun and was obliged to be invalided home. It is possible that among the avalanche of gift books at this season, Colonel Robertson's *Reminiscences* may escape the attention it deserves; but our readers will find it as exciting as any adventure story, and described with a naturalness and simplicity as delightful as they are unusual.

EARLY LONDON PRINTING

The Printers, Stationers and Bookbinders of Westminster and London from 1476 to 1535. By E. GORDON DUFF. (Cambridge University Press, 5s. net.)

THE publication in this volume of Mr. Duff's two courses of lectures as the Sanders Reader in Bibliography at the University of Cambridge is the best justification which Mr. Sanders's bequest has yet received. As far as we know, only one previous lecturer has put his lectures into print, and that in an edition intended merely for private circulation. The rest have been content to adopt the alternative, sanctioned by the terms of the foundation, of depositing a copy in the Department of Manuscripts at the British Museum. Mr. Duff has done better than this, and there are touches of dry humour in his narrative which suggest that he can have had no difficulty in keeping his audience awake. As nearly every one interested in bibliography in this country is probably aware, the history of English printing and bookbinding in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries has been his life-work since the days when he was an undergraduate at Oxford. He has studied the early English books in almost every library in England, great and small, and unearthed so many books and fragments printed by Pynson and Wynkyn de Worde that he has trebled the number of editions which Dibdin was able to assign to them. Thus, while the outlines of the story which he here tells had already been fairly accurately sketched, largely by Herbert, Dibdin's worthier predecessor, Mr. Duff has been able to fill in these outlines with numerous new details, not only as regards printing, but as to bookbinding and the book-trade generally. The new matter and the old are welded together in a well-proportioned narrative, and the result is as good a short history of the period as can be desired. Mr. Duff's zeal as a free-trader, however, has led him into one statement which seems to us little short of extraordinary. One of the statutes of Richard III.'s reign permitted the free importation of books from abroad. At the end of 1534 this was withdrawn. Mr. Duff comments, in his final paragraph, as follows:

The fifty years of freedom from 1484 to 1534 not only brought us the finest specimens of printing we possess, but compelled the native workman, in self-protection, to learn, and when competition was done away with his ambition rapidly died also. Once our English printing was protected, it sank to a level of badness which has lasted, with the exception of a few brilliant experiments, almost down to our own day.

It needs a rash reviewer to quarrel with Mr. Duff on his own subject, but we seem to remember that the presses at Oxford and St. Albans were closed within three years of the Act of 1483, that while it lasted neither Oxford (where a second attempt was made) nor Cambridge, nor any other provincial town could afford support to a printer for much more than a year, and that in London itself after the death of Caxton in 1491 there was an interval of nearly a quarter of a century during which no native Englishman had the courage to start as a master-printer. Thus, during nearly half Mr. Duff's "fifty years of freedom" the native workman existed only as an apprentice or journeyman, and the work he did when he

began printing for himself—if we may take Copland and Skot, two of the earliest starters, as fair examples, was far from impressive. After 1534, on the other hand, excellent work was done by Berthelet and Grafton, and above all by John Day, the one English printer, after Caxton, who received reasonable encouragement to do good work, and who certainly did it. The Act of 1483 may have helped the cause of education and scholarship in England. The Act of 1534 was passed, we may imagine, not (as was professed) for the protection of printing, but in the interest of the royal censorship of the press. The one may be defended and the other condemned with excellent reason, but to defend and condemn them on the grounds put forward by Mr. Duff seems to us a curious aberration in an otherwise very sane and scholarly book.

ILL-TREATED RODIN

The Life and Work of Auguste Rodin. By FREDERICK LAWTON. (Unwin, 15s. net.)

THE bulky volume which Mr. Lawton has contributed to the already considerable literature about the greatest sculptor of our days is remarkable neither as biography nor as criticism. Viewed in the most favourable light it is a useful compilation and gathering together of scattered fragments of criticism and biography emanating from more competent pens. It has, consequently, some value as a work of reference, more especially to the student who is conversant with Mr. Lawton's sources of information. A more favourable opinion of the author would have been created were these sources more clearly acknowledged. Mr. Lawton is too fond of opening a sentence with an evasive phrase like: "As Monsieur Maclair remarks," and then, forgetting to put in the quotation marks, leaving most of his readers in ignorance where the distinguished French critic's remarks end and his own begin. It would have been better to have left no such uncertainties and to have stated in a foot-note the number of the *Revue Bleue* from which the passage has been translated.

But Mr. Lawton has another use for footnotes. He has an irritating and stupid habit of insisting on his reader's total ignorance of the French language, and deems it necessary, for example, to give the footnote, "National Society of Fine Arts," whenever the *Société Nationale des Beaux Arts* is mentioned in the text. Elsewhere (pp. 164-6) he devotes three pages to a long-winded explanation that the French word *plan* is used by Rodin (as by all other French artists of our acquaintance) as the equivalent of the English "plane." But his crowning ineptitude consists in giving in a footnote (p. 175) an English translation of the hackneyed tag about the mountains and the mouse, and torturing the Latin in the text into the extraordinary form: *Parturiuntur [sic] montes, educitur [sic] ridiculus mus*.

In the reported conversation of Rodin, Mr. Lawton owes much to Mlle. Judith Cladel's "Auguste Rodin pris sur la Vie," and this debt he acknowledges; but in the chapters which tell of Rodin's early life—the most interesting section of the book—he does not state to what extent he is indebted to Mr. W. H. Bartlett's articles in the *American Architect* for 1889. The existence of these admirable and informative articles is barely chronicled in another part of the book dealing with Rodin's relations with America, but no hint is given of their content or their value.

A life of Rodin, however poorly written, cannot be altogether dull, for the sculptor's personality is a remarkable one and his career has been full of incident. And since these incidents are, for the most part, correctly stated, Mr. Lawton's compilation has a certain value for those who find it impossible or inconvenient to consult the earlier published sources of information. But as criticism his book cannot have, even for the general reader, more than a slight, and generally borrowed, value. Two

sculptural principles, rediscovered by M. Rodin, and essentially characteristic of his art, are stated with moderate clearness:

The first was that the spontaneous attitudes of the living model were the only ones that should be represented in statuary, and that any attempt to dictate gesture or posture must inevitably destroy the harmonious relations existing between the various parts of the body. . . . The second was that, as under the suggestion of successive impulses the outlines of the body are continually changing, muscles swelling or relaxing, with a sort of rhythmic flow and ripple round them, the sculptor had large liberty allowed him to choose in his modelling the reliefs and curves that most faithfully and most effectively interpret the pose they accompany.

The reader will readily perceive that a pose observed in life is more natural than one arranged in the studio; but Mr. Lawton is insufficiently lucid in his endeavour to explain that Rodin's second principle was to interpret, or give an impression of, form as it is revealed to us by light and shade, rather than to reconstruct form as it automatically exists. It is in this perception of the distinction between what appears to be and what is, and of the importance in sculpture of chiaroscuro, that Rodin stands out from the majority of his contemporaries and predecessors.

More satisfying than any criticisms for which Mr. Lawton is responsible, and more helpful to a right appreciation of the artist, are the reproductions of M. Rodin's works which illustrate these pages. The series is comprehensive and representative, including reproductions of drawings and etchings as well as sculpture, and though some of the photographs are not so clear as could be desired, the blame in these cases must be attached to the printer rather than to the author. Unfortunately for Mr. Lawton, however, no such scapegoat can be found for the stupidities in the text.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Catalogue of Books printed for Private Circulation. Collected by BERTRAM DOBELL, and now described and annotated by him. (Published by the author, 77 Charing Cross Road.)

THOUGH now for the first time brought together in a volume, Mr. Dobell's lists of privately printed books have been issued at intervals during the last fifteen years, which accounts for one note describing the Catalogue of the Printed Books at the British Museum as still slowly progressing, and another attributing to Mr. A. H. Bullen a design of writing a history of the Chiswick Press, unhappily long since abandoned. Mr. Dobell gives no statistics as to the number of books he has described, but they must amount to between two and three thousand, and are certainly a very notable collection for one bookseller to have brought together. They are here catalogued not merely with all necessary bibliographical information, but with literary notes, which show that Mr. Dobell must often have spent more time over a volume than could be adequately remunerated by the very modest price asked for it, even if the book had originally come to him for nothing. It need hardly be said that books "privately printed," or "printed for private circulation" (two terms which have unfortunately come to be regarded as synonymous) are very miscellaneous in their character. There are the true privately printed books, such as those printed by Horace Walpole, at Strawberry Hill, or by Sir Thomas Phillips, or again (these being much more liberally here represented) at the "Rochester Press" worked by Edwin Roffe. Then there are countless antiquarian reprints of which wealthy book-lovers have caused a few copies to be struck off to give to friends, less wealthy book-lovers occasionally adopting a similar plan in the expectation of being able to sell more copies in this way than on the open market. Lastly there are the books genuinely intended for private circulation, original works which their authors have not cared to subject to the ordeal of criticism: poems, memoirs of relatives, autobiographies,

descriptions of travels—not a very exhilarating class of book, but capable when examined by a judicious and sympathetic prospector, such as Mr. Dobell, of yielding pretty little nuggets both in verse and prose.

Letters to Young and Old. By Mrs. C. W. EARLE. (Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net.)

It would be very pleasant to get one of Mrs. Earle's letters by post: to come down to breakfast and find several sheets of description, philosophy, gardening, diet, and hygiene, all pot-pourried together, and all amiable and soothing. Every now and then a phrase might startle you, partly because the writer seems unconscious that she is saying anything with which any one could disagree. Switzerland is inartistic, she writes, "hopelessly inartistic and unpaintable." We can believe that the high Alps are unpaintable, but to call them "inartistic" is rather like being disappointed with the Atlantic—a paradox for Kensington and Chelsea, but not for the world at large.

In the course of three hundred and sixty-nine closely packed pages Mrs. Earle gives her friends large quantities of excellent advice on a variety of subjects, and one of her subjects is the critic's vocation. She quotes what she calls a unique description of what a critic ought to do, from a poet who says that what is best he firmly lights upon, as birds on sprays. We tried to do it, and we lighted first on some of the charming poems by other people spatchcocked between the letters—"Dreams to Sell," by Beddoes, for instance, and two verses from Shelley's *Invocation*. Then there are many persuasive pages about the injurious effects of meat and alcohol, and some tempting recipes for vegetarian dishes. There is not enough about gardens in these letters, for when Mrs. Earle writes about gardens she always commands interest and respect. Her successes and her failures are both described with modesty and knowledge. She is not modest about diet because she is an enthusiast, certain that she is right and the unconverted wrong. Her faith is so strong that it infects the sceptic with a mild desire to become a vegetarian himself; but he is checked by his conviction that the vegetarian cuisine, when properly carried out, is elaborate, costly, and quite beyond the resources of the British plain-cook.

The Romance of an Eastern Capital. By F. B. BRADLEY-BIRT. (Smith, Elder, 12s. 6d. net.)

THE interest excited in the recent partition of Bengal has led Mr. Bradley-Birt to hope that the time has come when Eastern Bengal and its capital, the ancient City of Dacca, may win some share of public attention. That Dacca has not been ignored by the historian is proved by the existence of such books as Sir Charles D'Oyley's "Ruins of Dacca," Taylor's "Topography of Dacca," Sayid Aluad Hasan's "Antiquities of Dacca," and the pages devoted to it in Sir William Hunter's "History of British India," and Stewart's "History of Bengal"; but, notwithstanding this array of books on the subject, the city has been fated to an obscurity from which even the Indian Mutiny failed to rescue it; and by readers in Great Britain it is remembered only, if remembered at all, as the temporary home of William Makepeace Thackeray, the grandfather of the novelist. The story of Dacca is the story of many English settlements. Prior to the arrival of Portuguese, English and French traders, the history of the old city is largely a mixture of a few facts with much fiction; and admirably as the author has handled his materials, the lack of dates and the absence of other links in the story are sadly felt by the reader. But Mr. Bradley-Birt makes up for the paucity of his materials for a foundation by raising a superstructure of much beauty in his graphic accounts of the lives and methods of such men as Shaista Khan, Viceroy of Bengal, and the Emperor Farrukh Siyar. For an account of the rule of Aurungzebe there is plenty of material and of this the author makes good use.

Dacca to-day has been restored to the position of capital of the new province of Eastern Bengal and Assam,

a position which it lost in 1702 after having held it for nearly a hundred years; and it is pleasant to learn that under present conditions:

Dacca, so long folded in the fatal sleep that falls upon all Eastern cities once their greatness has departed, has at length awakened, and standing at the parting of the ways, midway between the memories of her past and the possibilities of the future, looks hopefully along the vista of the coming years, and awaits with confidence the fulfilment of their promise.

Though there is in the present volume much of the charm which marked "The Story of an Indian Upland," Mr. Bradley-Birt's style suffers sometimes from redundancy of expression, as, for instance, by the introduction of the word "fatal" in the sentence just quoted. If the sleep were "fatal" Dacca could never have awakened. The illustrations, which are chiefly reproductions of photographs, are excellent.

TO E. J.

I THINK I'll not forget them, when Ireland's far away,
The songs you gathered in the glens, the songs you sang
to-day;

And maybe you'll remember, as I remember well,
The grey land, the grey sky, and the grey sea swell.

Beneath us was the castle that crumbles on Kenban
And the foam fringes rippling up, that turned and broke
and ran,
And straight in front lay Rathlin and farther yet
Cantire
And all away behind us the land of your desire.

The songs that you were singing were simple as the soil
And glad with Ireland's gladness and sad with Ireland's
toil,
A dirge for some old chieftain the snake of poison slew
Or maybe "Cuttin' Rushes" or "Bonny lads are few."

And now the words went weeping and now the words were
gay
And love and death and laughter were in your voice to-
day,
And still the wind sang with you, and still the sea bore
part,
And many joys and sorrows were mingling in your
heart.

So in the darkened city and far across the sea
The songs you gathered in the glens will sing themselves
to me;
And maybe you'll remember, as I remember well,
The grey land, the grey sky, and the grey sea swell.

ROBIN FLOWER.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

GOING UP TOP

DURING the closing years of the last century certain critics contracted a rather depressing habit of numbering men of letters, especially poets, as though they were overcoats in a cloak room, or boys competing in an examination set by themselves. "It requires very little discernment," wrote Mr. Churton Collins, A.D. 1891, "to foresee that among the English poets of the present century the first place will *ultimately* be assigned to Wordsworth, the second to Byron and the third to Shelley." Matthew Arnold, I fear, was the first to make these unsafe zadkielian prognostications. He, if I remember correctly, gave Byron the first place and Wordsworth the second; but Mr. Swinburne, with no little discernment, observed that English taste in that eventuality would be in the same state as it was at the end of the seventeenth century, which firmly believed that Fletcher and Jonson were the best of its poets.

But when is *Ultimately*? Obviously not the present moment, because with all the advantages of Mr. Churton Collins being happily still alive, Byron does not hold the rank awarded him by the distinguished critic in 1891. The cruel test of the auctioneer's hammer has recently shown that Keats and Shelley are regarded as far more important by those very discerning people, the book-dealers. Wordsworth, of course, is still one of the poets' poets and the *Spectator*, that Mrs. Micawber of literature, will, of course, never desert him; but I doubt very much whether he has yet reached the harbour of *Ultimately*. His repellent personality has blinded a good many of us to his exquisite qualities; on the Greek Kalends of criticism, however, may I be there to see: I shall certainly vote for him if I am one of the examiners—or one of the cloak-room attendants.

It was against that kind of criticism that Whistler hurled his impatient epigram about pigeonholes; and if it is absurd in regard to painting how much more absurd is it in regard to the more various and less friable substances of literature. By the old ten o'clock rule (I do not refer to Whistler's lecture), once observed in board schools, no scripture could be taught after that hour. Once a teacher asked his class who was the wisest man. "Solomon," said a little boy. "Right, go up top," said the teacher. But there was a small pedant who, while never paying much attention to the lessons and being usually at the bottom of the form in consequence, knew the regulations by heart. He interrupted with a shrill voice (for the clock had passed the hour): "No, sir, please, sir, past ten o'clock, sir . . . Solon." Thus it is I fear with critics of every generation, though they try very hard to make the time pass as slowly as possible.

But if invidious distinctions between great men are inexact and tiresome, I opine that it is ungenerous and ignoble to declare when a great man has just died that we really cannot judge of him or his work, because we have been his contemporaries. The caution of obituary notices seems to me cowardly and the reviews of books are cowardly too. We have become Laodiceans; we are fearful of exposing imposture in current literature lest we get into hot water with a publisher, and a lukewarm, overweening modesty in us precludes the idea that we are fortunate enough, sometimes, to know personally a great painter, a great poet, a great novelist, or to be nodded to by one occasionally. With all the deliberation of a police-court magistrate we sentence him without the option of a fine and we will never commit him even to the assizes of immortality; so we whimper *decadence, decadence*; and to corroborate our suspicions we applaud the dramas of Mr. Hall Caine; we cry "stinking fish" and cackle at Mr. Frank Richardson in the weekly press.

During the New Year week I was invited by Lord and Lady Lyonesse to a very diverting house-party. This

peer, it will be remembered, is the well-known radical philanthropist who obtained his title owing to his interest in the submerged tenth. Their house—"Ivanhoe"—is an exquisite Gothic structure which is regarded as the masterpiece of the late Sir Gilbert Scott; it overlooks the Ouse. Including our hosts we numbered forty persons, and by an odd coincidence the personnel, including valets, chauffeurs and ladies'-maids brought by the guests, numbered sixty. In all we were a hundred souls, assuming immortality for the chauffeurs and the five Scotch gardeners. On January 2 somebody produced after dinner a copy of the *Petit Parisien* relating to the plebiscite for the greatest Frenchman of the nineteenth century: another guest capped him with the *Evening News* list; and the famous *Pall Mall Gazette* Academy of forty was recalled with indifferent accuracy. Conversation was flagging; our hostess looked relieved; very soon we were all playing a variation of that most charming game *suck-pencil*. At first we decided to ignore the nineteenth century. The ten greatest Living Englishmen were to be named by our votes. Bridge and billiard-players were dragged to the polling station in the green drawing-room. Lord Lyonesse and myself were the tellers. I shivered with excitement. One of the *Ultimatelies* of Mr. Churton Collins seemed to have arrived; it was *Götterdämmerung*—the Twilight of the Idols. And here is the result of the ballot, which I think every one will admit possesses extraordinary interest:

Hall Caine,	Sir Thomas Lipton,	Barrie,
Marie Corelli,	Hichens,	George Alexander,
Rudyard Kipling,	Chamberlain,	Beerbohm Tree.
Lord Northcliffe,		

I ought to add, of course, that the guests were unusually intellectual. There were our host and hostess: their three sons—one is a scholar of King's College, Cambridge, another is at Balliol, and a third is a stockbroker—there were five M.P.s with their wives (two Liberal Imperialists, two Liberal Unionists and one real Radical); a Scotch peer with his wife and an Irish peer without one; a publisher and his wife; three Academicians, four journalists, an Irish poet; a horse-dealer; a picture-dealer; another stockbroker; an artist; two lady novelists; a baronet and his wife; three musicians; and Myself. I think the only point on which the sincerity of the voting might be doubted, is the ominous absence of any soldier's name on the list. Lord Lyonesse, however, is a firm upholder of the Hague Conference. Like myself, he is a pro-boer, but he will not allow any reference to military affairs and I suspect that it was out of deference to his wishes that the guests all abstained from writing down some names of our gallant generals. Lord Kitchener, however, obtained nine votes and I myself included Christian De Wet; but on discovery of documents, he was ruled out, in spite of my pleading for him on imperialistic grounds. I thought it rather insular too, I must confess, that Henry James and Sargent were denied to me because they are American subjects. My own final list as pasted in the Album at "Ivanhoe," along with the others, was as follows:

Swinburne,	Lord Northcliffe,	Andrew Lang,
C. H. Shannon,	Edmund Gosse,	Oliver Lodge,
Bernard Shaw,	H. G. Wells,	Dom Gasquet.
Thomas Hardy,		

Mine, of course, is the choice of a recluse: a scholar without scholarship, one who lives remote from politics, newspapers, society and the merry-go-round of modern life. Its two chief interests lie in showing, first how far off I was from getting the prize (a vellum copy of poems by our hostess) and secondly that one name only, that of Lord Northcliffe, should have touched both the popular and private imagination! I regret to say that none of the guests knew the names of Dom Gasquet or Sir Oliver Lodge. Every one, except the artist, thought C. H. Shannon was J. J. Shannon, and some of the voters were hardly convinced that Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Lang are

still ornaments to contemporary literature. The prize was awarded to a lady whose list most nearly corresponded to the result of the general plebiscite. I need not say she was the wife of the publisher. After some suitable expressions from Lord Lyonesse it was suggested that we should poll the servants' hall: pencils and papers were provided and the butler was sent for. An hour was given for the election: and at half-past eleven the ballot papers were brought in on a massive silver tray, discreetly covered with a red silk pocket handkerchief. And here is the result:

Frank Richardson,	Eustace Miles,	Dr. Williams (Pink
Marie Corelli,	Robert Hichens,	Pills for Pale People),
John Roberts,	T. P. O'Connor,	Hall Caine,
C. B. Fry,	Lord Lyonesse	

The prize, and this is another odd coincidence, was won by the butler himself, to whom very generously the publisher's wife resigned the vellum copy of our hostess's poems. From a literary point of view, it is interesting to note that Mr. Frank Richardson is the only master of *belles lettres* who is appreciated in the servants' hall! The other names we associate, rightly or wrongly, with something other than literature.

The following evening I suggested choosing the greatest English names in the nineteenth century (twentieth-century life being strictly excluded). Every one by this time had caught *suck-pencil* fever. By general consent the suffrage was extended to the domestics; the electorate being thus one hundred. And what, you will ask, came of it all? I suggest that readers of the ACADEMY should guess. Any one interested should fill up this coupon and send it to R. R. puzzle editor, ACADEMY Office, 20 Tavistock Street, on April 1.

I think the Ten Greatest Englishmen of the Nineteenth Century were:

- 1.....
- 2.....
- 3.....
- 4.....
- 5.....
- 6.....
- 7.....
- 8.....
- 9.....
- 10.....

A prize consisting of one year's subscription to the Times Book Club will be awarded for the best shot.

ROBERT ROSS.

FICTION

The Salving of a Derelict. By MAURICE DRAKE. (Laurie, 6s.)

THIS novel was selected by a halfpenny newspaper from over six hundred manuscripts to receive a prize of £100, and it is interesting to note what qualities a widely popular daily paper considers attractive and desirable in fiction. They are not altogether what we expected. We thought that a newspaper serial took its stand, with no regard for politics, on murder, millinery and dukes. There is novelty in a dashing story of the sea, and a hero who, even on the last page, is not heir to a peerage. Nevertheless the great heart of the public gets some of the thrills it demands. The hero "was as near physically perfect as a man of twenty-four should be," and he was a well-bred gentleman; then, suddenly thrust into the rough life on a fishing trawler, he becomes "a sombre devil unchained," a Byronic sea dog feared by all men, adored by a few, loved of women. When the bully of the trawler tries his tricks on him, our gentleman orders every one on deck, including the skipper, and shoots off the bully's thumb. We admire a hero like that in these days of trembling faithfulness to life. There is no non-sensical psychology about him. One day he is a man of culture and breeding, and the next he is a foul-mouthed pirate, and the day after that the girl in a brown dress turns him into a dove. But the march of the

story is stirring and vivid, carrying you bravely to the finish. You lay the book down, and from afar off comes the sound of wedding bells.

My Neighbours. By E. G. STEVENSON. (Elliot Stock, 6s.)

A SIMPLE little story overflowing with kindly feeling and anxiety to advocate the claims of "my neighbour," on the presumption that the neighbour, when of equal social standing, is not stiff-necked and unwilling to accept favours. But the finest taste and tact go to the making of the perfect giver, and we confess that we sometimes trembled for the pride of the recipients of Dr. Bruce's lavish bounty. However, our fears were groundless, all goes well, half a dozen people are rendered happy, and the generous doctor secures the wife he desires. Although the author's style is crude, and the pages liberally sprinkled with platitudes emphasised by italics, Mrs. Erle's and Effie's brave struggles against adversity are described with the eloquence of sympathy and understanding, and we are sufficiently interested in all that affects them to feel a gentle glow of pleasure at their good fortune.

Marguerite's Wonderful Year. By MABEL BARNES-GRUNDY. (Arrowsmith, 6s.)

THE joyous opening of "Marguerite's Wonderful Year," with its radiant happiness, its brilliant promise, its underlying sense of gratitude, secures the reader's deep interest at once, and holds it to the end of the pretty, touching tale. There is a particularly charming chapter in which Marguerite draws a picture of what might have happened in her first year of enchantment with "Dimbie," before they should become an old married couple "used to the wonderfulness of being always together, alone": but the glorious morning of Marguerite's wedded life is suddenly darkened by a great calamity, and nothing is ever the same again. Despair there is, and suffering, but love, courage and humour prove that all is not lost. Marguerite finds her compensations, and gives us many amusing pages about the ways of her household, and the romances of her friends. More fully she discourses of Amelia, the faithful, tyrannical maid-of-all-work, and one of the best-drawn characters in the book. With much that is fine and delicate in sentiment and treatment in this story, there is yet a note that jars, not once, but always when Peter, Marguerite's father, is present or under discussion. There is not even the doubtful excuse that Peter's peculiarities are amusing. Marguerite's attitude of mind towards him, and Amelia's extravagant hostility, detract from the enjoyment of an uncommon and delightful book.

Bazin's Gold. By ERNEST CORNISH. (Greening, 3s. 6d.)

THIS book is quite outside criticism. The only thing that the reviewer can find to say in its favour is that the type is large and the advertisements at the end a material part of its bulk. Its demerits are those that demand silence.

The Offenders. By J. E. CARTER. (Drane, 6s.)

"THE OFFENDERS" opens with prophecies of ill-luck to all concerned in the destruction of the rookery at Stanborough Manor; prophecies that are amply fulfilled. When the vicar's daughter marries an elderly baronet from motives of gratitude while her love is given to his nephew and heir, it needs no clamour of rooks to warn us that mischief is brewing. The young people are passionately in love, and—to put it mildly—their conduct is far from being discreet: and the indiscretion is of the blazing sort, startlingly out of keeping with the drab conventionality, the general dowdiness, that pervades the book. All that can be said in favour of the story is that such incidents might happen, and that the author describes them with the proper amount of disapprobation tempered by charity towards the offenders, who get off much more lightly than they deserve. We do not know why such books are written.

DRAMA

TWO PLAYS AT THE COURT THEATRE

THE Court Theatre has gained a name for producing plays of a certain order; plays which are backed by an idea and contain thought—or, as for instance, in the plays of Mr. Shaw—something to tickle the intellect. So a pleasant atmosphere of brains has been created. And as this is not an atmosphere which is common to all the theatres of London the Court has attracted a special audience. Each one trims up the intellect he possesses to be on the level of the performance; he lunches lightly beforehand, with a stimulating friend if possible; he is anxious indeed to be in proper fettle not to miss that agreeable thing—a new idea. The contrary is generally the case with other theatres. The wise man does his utmost to deaden any perception he may have; he leaves proper time for his dinner (that at any rate shall not disappoint him), and he determines resolutely to obtain his money's worth of amusement. If the wine is good and his will is strong he sometimes succeeds. The management at the Court have heard of this state of affairs and apparently have disliked it. Perhaps they fear that their sphere of influence may become limited to the cold region of mere intellect; perhaps the little restaurant in the precincts has become unpleasantly crowded; perhaps they wish to poke fun at their worthy patrons; or perhaps some still more esoteric and excellent reason exists for their latest move. For on Tuesday afternoon they produced *The Reformer* by Mr. Cyril Harcourt, and a strange trespass was thereby committed upon the preserves of other managers. The play is a simple conventional story without any horrid admixture of truth, and no point which it might be irritating to feel one had missed: Just "a simple tale, dear brother Jim," as the poet says; and nothing more. It is full of stock jokes and stock characters and ambles along with some gaiety (Mr. Harcourt has the knack of fluent dialogue) to a stock ending. There is Sybil Carew, the sweet artless girl who is won as the curtain rises by an irreproachable young man and writes the coy admission of her maiden's feelings on a photograph—while Mrs. Grundy beams approval (Oh Mr. Granville Barker!)—and who hears a hint concerning the younger man's past and instantly throws him over for ever. There is the irascible old general with indigestion—a very aristocratic old general (his name is Carew) who abuses his man-servant before visitors. There is Sir Rupert Yeld, the noble friend of woman, in whom the sweet girl instantaneously confides and who has ideals woven round Mrs. Rockingham, the mildly scheming adventuress. He knows woman: he knows woman, as he would know his own hat, by a kind of happy instinct, and who is Mrs. Rockingham to withstand the noble persistence of such a man? He shows her her own mind even as he shows the maiden her mind (or heart, which is it? or is it neither?) and the lovers are united. There is a palm tree in the conservatory, as Sir Rupert says: he knows that too. The jokes were refreshing in their old-fashioned simplicity—jokes on onions, and evil smells; jokes on heart-aches and lobsters and stomach-aches. Zest moreover was lent to them by the incongruity of hearing them made on the Court Stage.

The actors entered into the spirit of the thing like boys on a special holiday. Mr. Sydney Brough was perfect as the "lardy-da" young Earl of Crowboro' who cannot face the responsibility of marriage after reading through "What a Young Mother should know" or some such capital text-book of horrors. His exit to freedom and big-game shooting in Bengal, singing "Won't you come home Bill Bailey" brought down the house. Mr. O. B. Clarence was as good as he always is, in the part of a touchy old man. Miss Eva Moore was exactly what Mrs. Rockingham should be, and Miss June Van Buskirk was sweet and girlish in just the way that Sybil Carew is girlish and sweet.

The second item was a play in three scenes called *The Campden Wonder*, written by Mr. John Masefield. It is founded on fact—a dreadful fact—that happened in the village of Campden some two hundred and fifty years ago. The story is one of mad brutish hatred, and tells how John Perry, to spite his younger brother Richard, swore that he and Richard and his old mother had murdered their master, William Harrison, for his money, and how they are all hanged before Mistress Harrison, who has never believed John's oath, comes to the prison and tells the parson, who returns from the gallows, that her husband is safe and well at home. The play is clever and interesting; but it is ineffective. And it is ineffective because it is technically wrong. The chief mistake is that the audience is not made to realise the insuperable difficulties at that time of conveying news of any kind, so that it seems incredible that a man should disappear as completely as Harrison disappeared and with so little reason. The plea of making John reveal his scheme of vengeance in a soliloquy is weak in the extreme; and the final thrill of horror in the last scene loses poignancy by unnecessary protraction. After the terrible leading away of the three prisoners to death, the revelation of their innocence should come with a snap and not be spun out, as it is spun out by the garrulous old wife. So the play missed fire; though it gave to Mr. Norman McKinnel a fine opportunity, of which he availed himself to the full. He showed with admirable competence the malignant stupidity which under the influence of hatred becomes madness. The other parts were well played, Miss Carlotta Addison being particularly successful as Mrs. Perry.

H. DE S.

FINE ART

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY

IN abandoning the policy of the "open door" and confining its seventh exhibition, opened at the New Gallery this week, to the work of members only, the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers was actuated, it is understood, by a desire to convince the sceptical of the strength of a society unsupported by outside assistance. That strength would be more obvious if many distinguished members were not this year conspicuous only by their absence. Among the honorary members notable absentees are Sir James Guthrie, Messieurs Carolus-Duran, W. M. Chase, L. Dill, Howard Pyle, Saint Gaudens and Anders Zorn; among the associates Messieurs Paul Bartlett, Anning Bell, Hornel, W. Y. Macgregor, Alexander Roche, W. W. Russell, and Havard Thomas; and the non-representation of these and other familiar exhibitors is not adequately counterbalanced by the new recruits.

While some members, and these by no means the least gifted, show nothing at all, others are permitted an excessive number of exhibits. The freshly seen and daintily handled little water-colours of Brighton and the South Coast by Mr. H. Mann Livens are pleasant enough in their modest way, but they are hardly of sufficient importance to warrant the inclusion of nineteen. A similar number of pastels and etchings by Louis Legrand may have a little more variety, but the attractiveness of the exhibition would not be decreased by a diminution in the number of his clever renderings of unpleasant incidents in Parisian life. Herr Max Klinger, again, has his admirers, but thirteen of his morbid fantasies in etching will seem an unlucky number to very many visitors. Mr. Strang's paintings, drawings and etchings are among the best things in the exhibition, but there are too many. Another improvement might be effected if works by the same artists were kept together and not dispersed. M. Simon Bussy's poetically seen and sweetly-coloured pastels of fir-clad hills and dales, for example, would be more arresting if they were not scattered over the South Room and

Balcony. Mr. Joseph Crawhall's masterly water-colour *The White Drake* (306), again, should not have been banished to the Balcony, but hung with his two other beautiful bird drawings in the South Room.

If less good than it might be, both in its contents and arrangement, the exhibition is by no means lacking in interest. The sculpture section—to which the society rightly attaches great importance—has for its chief feature a representative group of works by Prince Paul Troubetzkoy, whose statuette portraits of "Rodin" (242), "M. Dayot" (244), and "Tolstoy à Cheval" (246) are very successful. The President is not at his best in his unsatisfying bronze bust of Mr. Bernard Shaw (280), or even in the sensitively chiselled marble bust of "Lord H. de W." (279); but the little bronze group "Frère et Sœur" (94), in the South Room, is one of M. Rodin's most tenderly conceived and modelled minor pieces. Mr. Bertram Mac-kennal's colossal bust of "War" (265) is too reminiscent of the President's "Bellona" to be altogether satisfying, while Herr Lucien Schnegg's "Petite Fille à huit Mois" (230) and "L'Hiver" (233), despite their charm, are obvious imitations of Signor Rosso's more famous marble impressions of babies. M. Jef. Lambeaux's full-length portrait of himself (274) is not without distinction, but his colossal group "Murder" (281) is commonplace in conception and is unsatisfactory in line viewed from any other position than in front. Of the remaining sculpture, Mr. Tweed's plaster bust of "Lt.-Col. Hutchinson Poe" (226), Mr. R. F. Wells's bronzes, and Mr. Ricketts's more restrained statuette groups are most worthy of attention.

In the West Room the places of honour are given to Mr. C. H. Shannon's large Giorgionesque idyll, *The Golden Age* (109), M. A. Besnard's *Portrait of Mme. Jourdain* (130), and Mr. Wm. Nicholson's *Miss Alexander* (123), which, but for certain irritating eccentricities, might be pronounced his masterpiece. The arrangement of the last is undoubtedly novel and effective; but although reason tells us that the lady, in a riding-habit, is seated on a table, at first sight she appears to be seated on the floor, through which the lower portion of her figure has disappeared. Again, the background, a huge equestrian portrait, seems almost to touch her cheek, and this want of atmosphere mars an otherwise finely-painted and distinguished composition. Mr. Shannon's idyll and his fine *Portrait of Mrs. Stephen* (150) may be left for later discussion in conjunction with the fifteen oil paintings he is now showing at the Leicester Galleries. A similar reservation may be made in the case of M. Le Sidaner, who has again been to Venice, and whose beautiful pictures here are but a foretaste of his forthcoming second exhibition of Venetian pictures at the Goupil Gallery. Mr. J. W. Morrice's *Venice* (125) is not one of the most successful of his pictures, but it proves his ability to take a fresh point of view of a subject that has become almost hackneyed.

Mr. Lavery is not so well represented here as he was at the Autumn Salon in Paris, and the modesty which restrained him from showing in London his self-portrait painted for the Uffizi is to be regretted. His large painting, *The Hammock* (129), is disappointing, and his only other contribution, an oval portrait of *Miss Mary Morgan* (173), though full of grace and charm, does not represent the vice-president of the society with sufficient importance. Mr. A. Jamieson's Velasquian portrait of *The Dwarf* (105); Professor Sauter's *Under the Doorway* (120), distinguished for its dazzling light effect and lovely colour; M. Cottet's sombre and impressive seascape, *Cote Sauvage, Bretagne* (132), and his quaintly primitive but dignified and solidly painted *Vue d'Avila, Espagne* (154); Franz von Stuck's incisive *Portrait of the Artist* (159); Mr. Sidney Lee's mean street viewed at *The Close of Day* (147), dignified by scholarly composition and rich creamy paint; and Mr. A. E. John's *La Petite Bohémienne* (149) are also among the more noteworthy paintings in the West Room.

A novelty to stay-at-home critics will be the two paintings in the North Room by Senor Anglada-Camarasa, who here shows for the first time in London. This brilliant

colourist, whose works have created some excitement in Paris, is not quite at his best in either *The Spanish Dancer* or *Pomegranates* (208), though the second does give a hint of his quality and of the haunting strangeness which characterises his finer works. In colour, however, it is not so enchanting as his *Opales* or *The White Horse* which were shown this year in Paris. Two magnificently modelled charcoal drawings of backs by the same artist, prove his sense of form to be not inferior to his gift for colour. Anglada's compatriot, Ignacio Zuloaga, is a familiar exhibitor at the International, and his chief exhibit, *Le Vieux Marcheur* (190), has all the virile force we have learnt to expect from his brush; but it is a pity that this gifted artist should wilfully choose such unpleasant themes for the exercise of his talents. No doubt we shall be told that Zuloaga is a satirist, but paint is a clumsy vehicle for satire and often leaves the spectator in doubt whether the artist loathes or delights in the scenes he depicts. M. J. E. Blanche's fondness for effects of shimmering light on white satin skirts is pleasantly as well as skilfully displayed in the fancy portrait *Venetian Glass* (183) which takes its title from the still-life which meets with no less dexterous treatment, while the same painter's *Portrait of M. Claude Achille Debussy* (207) has a restraint and dignity which might with advantage be more often present in his work. Both in his etchings and his paintings M. A. J. Bauer makes a strong appeal to those who value original gifts. The merits of his conventionally coloured paintings *Oedipus* (170) and *Benares at the Holy Ganges* (197) may not be obvious, but they are the more impressive the more they are studied, and have a rare personal distinction and charm. Mr. James Pryde, who like his Beggarstaff brother Mr. Nicholson, has abandoned poster-designing for painting, shows two arresting compositions, *View through a Barn* (171) and *The Pillar* (209). If the rumour that the second of these has been rejected by the authorities of the Tate Gallery be correct, the nation has lost a precious example of masterly design and rich restrained colour by a sincere artist of undoubted originality and genius.

Though its borrowed works were invariably of great interest, the Society is to be congratulated on the moderation shown this year in the exhibition of works by deceased artists. The group of paintings by the late Fritz Thaulow is very properly included and might have been more extensive, while there is every justification for the exhibition of Whistler's charcoal study (61) for the *Old Battersea Bridge* in the Tate Gallery. The small painting of *The Toilet* (156) and the sanguine study by Puvis de Chavannes are welcome if less justifiable exhibits, but the society will do well to rely more on the productions of its living than on the reputation of its deceased members for the maintenance of its prestige. Next year we hope there will be fewer absentees of note, and a limit to the number of contributions from individual members.

MUSIC

A SECOND PERFORMANCE

THE preliminary arrangements for the Gloucester festival of this year, which have lately been published, by including Sir Hubert Parry's work, *The Love that casteth out Fear*, exemplify a principle which might well be acted upon more frequently. It was produced at the last Gloucester festival, that of 1904, and like many fine works by its composer was admired and laid aside; if it has received any complete performances since, they have certainly been few, and it has not, except in fragments, been heard in London. Festival choruses, with the best of intentions and the most painstaking effort, are rarely able to make a first performance satisfactory. A new work engages perhaps one-tenth of the total time for rehearsal, and a correct note performance with a few broad effects of light

and shade is all that can be hoped for. The same may be said of festival audiences. They begin by wearying their ears with *Elijah* or *The Dream of Gerontius*, a Beethoven symphony and one or two other things, and come with blunted susceptibilities to listen to a new work. It is all they can do to catch its main outlines; they realise enough to know that it seems less attractive than what they were listening to before, which they knew well. Even the critics of the daily papers are sufficiently human to feel their powers of discrimination somewhat impaired by the heat and hurry of a festival, and would often willingly reserve their irreversible judgment could they know that a second hearing was certain. There are, in short, no works good enough to be performed once which are too bad to be heard twice. In taking up again for their next festival the work which they produced at their last, the authorities of the Gloucester Festival do very wisely. A second performance at some other festival would be attended, as far as the chorus is concerned and to some extent for the audience, by some of the evils of the first, but at Gloucester practically every one will have a previous experience to build upon. It would be a great good if this principle could to some extent be adopted by the festivals of the Three Choirs, that an important work which is passed over elsewhere, should on the next occasion when the festival is held in the same town be repeated. Three years would give a sufficient interval in order to see whether the work were likely to be taken up generally, and the second performance, by offering it a much better chance of being understood, might start it on its career. It is possible to think of several compositions produced in the last few years which only need to become known to take their place in the repertoire of large choral societies as current work. In the case of works by Sir Hubert Parry the second performance is very much needed. He has written so much on similar lines, that at first hearing we are too ready to imagine that he repeats himself. Three of his latest works, *Voces Clamantium*, *The Love that casteth out Fear*, and *The Soul's Ransom* are Modern Church Cantatas, a form of his own devising, though it owes much both to Bach and to the older form of Oratorio. This common basis, with Parry's peculiar idiom of musical speech, give them more than ever the appearance of repetition. They require frequent hearing to prove their individuality. The first received an excellent second performance at Leeds in 1904, while *The Love that casteth out Fear* is now to get its proper hearing. It is more than possible, however, that we may hear it in London before the autumn, when the Gloucester festival takes place, and such an event might be even more conducive to its general acceptance, since it would then be given without the distractions of festival trappings. These works, and perhaps this one most of the three, are music which specially need leisurely listening and quiet thought in order to grasp their intention. Parry does not, like Elgar, take Bible history and describe it vividly; whatever there is of description is rather cold, and his desire to keep to general terms, to avoid what is dogmatic and merely of the Church, often detracts from the surface interest, and at first leaves a vague impression. They are not, therefore, probably they never can be, popular compositions, for neither has the music itself that obvious beauty which will sometimes supply to outside listeners an interest which the subject lacks, nor are the subjects simple enough to make a direct and universal appeal. They require some sympathetic thought on the part of the listener. For those, however, who are able to give that, there is very quickly a reward. The first page for the semi-chorus in *The Love that casteth out Fear*, to the words:

O my people, what have I done to thee?
Wherein have I wearied thee? Testify against Me—

is among the most beautiful pieces of choral sound which any recent work has contained, and its beauty is emphasised by its reappearance before the finale to the first

part: Wherever the semi-chorus is used it is with the same distinction, which becomes most clear in the dialogue held with the full chorus, beginning, "What is love? The one thing that availeth," as well as in the last few pages of the cantata in which the semi-chorus, to a phrase which recalls the beginning, ponders upon the words, "Who is wise understandeth these things." If these are the most conspicuous places of beauty, and there are many pages between them, especially those occupied by declamatory solos, in which the musical expression is less perfect, they are yet enough to assure the careful listener that it is worth searching deeper, that beneath some obscurity, due to the haste for composing for an occasion, there is hid treasure. The experience of those who heard *Voces Clamantium* was generally that it cleared wonderfully with each hearing. *The Love that casteth out Fear* is much more involved in purpose, and built on a more extended scheme; it may take longer to know than its predecessor, but former experience and some study of the score suggest that the effort it causes will be worth while. I need make no apology for calling special attention to this work before it reappears, for to do so afterwards, as is the usual practice, would be too late to arouse the interest of the apathetic. Such works need ideal performances and ideal listeners, and it is due to the fact that both, but especially the latter, are rarely attainable, that Sir Hubert Parry's works are passed by with such scant appreciation. It is not by any means for his works alone, however, that the vigorous appreciation of the principle of second performance is desirable. Every year several large choral works are produced, but outside those by Sir E. Elgar, who has now a special privilege to be performed everywhere, but few are heard again. There are some which are decisively condemned by a second performance, and this very decision is worth having and cannot be given safely at a first hearing. There are certainly some which might live and have a permanent place amongst performed music. For these we should be so much the richer that the application of the test, even should a majority of the works so tried be condemned, would more than repay the effort.

H C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

FROM the day when, a youth of sixteen, he was given ten shillings by his guardians and bidden to go where he would, until his final return to London as Admiral of New England in 1615, Captain John Smith had as adventurous a life as the most daring spirits of the time could desire. "The Generall Historie of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles, with the Proceedings of those Severall Colonies and the Accidents that befell them in all their Journeys and Discoveries, by Captaine John Smith, Sometymes Governour in those Countreys and Admirall of New England," gives an account of his great work of founding the colony of Virginia and protecting it against the savage tribes who again and again endeavoured to destroy it; in his "True Travels, Adventures, and Observations," published in 1630, he writes the story of his early adventures against Turks and pirates, and in his "Sea Grammar," published in 1627, he gives a very valuable treatise on the ship of his time and the manner of sailing and fighting her. These works—all of which are practically unobtainable—are to be reprinted together by Messrs. MacLehose in a convenient form for the first time since their original publication. The edition now announced will be an accurate, complete, and beautifully printed text from the original editions, and will contain facsimile reproductions of all the rare maps and illustrations in the originals, including the portraits of the Duchess of Richmond and Pocahontas. It will consist of two volumes, printed on antique paper, and will be similar to Messrs. MacLehose's edition of Hakluyt's *Voyages* and Coryat's *Crudities*. The edition for sale in this country will be strictly limited to one thousand copies, of which one hundred copies, numbered and signed, will be printed throughout on the finest hand-made paper with proofs of the engravings. The price to subscribers to the ordinary edition will be 25s. net, and to the edition on hand-made paper with proofs, 50s. net.

Messrs. Jack announce a cheap edition of "The Centenary Burns" containing, in addition to Mr. Henley's famous essay on Burns, all the text, notes, glossaries, etc., exactly as in the original edition.

Messrs. Bell announce an abridgment of Webster's "International Dictionary," to be issued under the title of Webster's "Collegiate Dictionary." This book is the largest and latest abridgment of the "International," and contains, in addition to a very full vocabulary, valuable literary appendices, including a Glossary of Scottish Words and Phrases; a Dictionary of Classical Mythology; Vocabularies of Rhymes, Proper Names, etc.; Quotations from Foreign Languages, and Tables of Abbreviations and Arbitrary Signs used in Writing and Printing. There are also articles on Pronunciation and Orthography, a List of Prefixes and Suffixes, and other features of interest. The aim of the editors has been to retain so much of the scholarship of the "International" as to meet the ordinary wants of advanced students in schools and colleges, and to offer to the general reader a compact and convenient Dictionary, thoroughly trustworthy and full enough to serve for most of the every-day purposes for which a Dictionary is consulted. In addition to the ordinary edition on thick paper, an édition de luxe is also issued, printed on Bible Paper, this being the first time such paper has been used in a book of reference. The edition, though containing one thousand, one hundred and sixteen pages with one thousand four hundred illustrations, measures only $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

Dr. George Sigerson has just completed the revision of the second edition of his "Bards of the Gael and Gull: Examples of the Poetic Literature of Erin, done into English after the Metres and Modes of the Gael." Mr. Unwin will publish the edition, which contains much fresh matter (including a new preface), on January 14.

Another book promised by Mr. Unwin on the same date is Sir Spencer Walpole's volume of "Studies in Biography." The subjects are: Sir Robert Peel, Gibbon, Richard Cobden, Prince Bismarck, Benjamin Disraeli, Napoleon III., Lord Dufferin, and the seventh Lord Shaftesbury.

Mr. Unwin will publish on January 14 a new novel by Mr. Alphonse Courlander, whose stories, "The Taskmaster" and "Seth of the Cross," attracted much attention. The title is "The Sacrifice" and the book is, the publisher informs us, a realistic picture of life in a Wiltshire village. Its heroine, Mora, is a peasant girl who is too weak to fight against circumstances and her own nature.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein will publish this month a book on "Saint George: Champion of Christendom and Patron Saint of England," by E. O. Gordon, which deals with the Life and Martyrdom of St. George; the Commemoration of St. George in Church Liturgies and National Institutions; Celebrated Knights of St. George from the Sixteenth to the Twentieth Century; and St. George in Art, Hostels, Customs and Traditions. Another volume promised by the same publishers is "The Principles of Architectural Design (Exterior and Interior)" by Percy L. Marks.

"Charles Edward" is the title of a new novel by Mr. Harrison Rhodes which Messrs. Ward Lock have in the press.

"Phrases and Names: their Origins and Meanings" is the title of a new book by Mr. Trench H. Johnson, which Mr. Werner Laurie will publish shortly.

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE SECRET OF THE TOTEM"

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—I regret the necessity for renewing this correspondence. Mr. Lang, in his letter, which appeared in the ACADEMY of October 13, has gone off on a small issue of a misplaced comma, altogether disregarding the more serious one raised by my question as to the four parts of my summary, which he rearranged and termed "a passage from Mr. Howitt" ("Secret of the Totem," p. 197).

It seems to me that it would be well, for Mr. Lang's credit, if he replied to my question, because that so-called "passage," on the face of it, carries an unpleasant suggestion of manipulation, for it was used as the ground for a charge against me of overlooking my own facts ("Secret of the Totem," p. 199).

A. W. HOWITT.

Metung, Victoria,
November 28, 1906.

"PARONOMASIA—PLAY 'PO' WORDS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I should like to know who your correspondent supposes he is quoting from when he places the words "paronomasia—play po' words" between inverted commas in his notice of Mr. Roe's translation of "The Ruba'iyat of Omar Khayyâm" in your current issue?

E. G. EDWARDS.

[There is no question of supposition. We refer our correspondent to "The Cock and the Bull":

"You see this pebble-stone? It's a thing I bought
Of a bit of a chit of a boy i' the mid o' the day—
I like to dock the smaller parts-o'-speech,
As we curtail the already cur-tail'd cur
(You catch the paronomasia—play 'po' words?)
Did, rather, i' the pre-Landseerian days.
Well to my muttons."

He will find it in C.S.C.'s "Fly Leaves."—ED.]

A FIRST EXPERIENCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—"Expectation was roused to its utmost pitch. But nothing came of it." Your critic has been writing my experience, for I went to the theatre for the first time in my life exactly a month ago expecting to see Shakespeare's *King Richard II.*, and Lord! what did I not get instead!

From a child I had known Act 1, scene i., "London, A Room in the Palace," and when Act 1, scene i. showed me a river and a garden, with a dumb show in the shape of a game of bowls, I honestly thought I had made a mistake and come to the wrong theatre. My bewilderment was not wholly dispelled when the fidgety King casually went on to say (this time aloud), "Old John of Gaunt time-honoured Lancaster." The scene began with bowls and ended with bowls and much girlish giggling, while Shakespeare was truly "up a tree."

H. de S. says Mr. Lyn Harding played Bolingbroke with marked ability. I can hardly think he and I saw Bolingbroke on the same day, for to my understanding Mr. Lyn Harding's Bolingbroke was a boorish bully, very far removed from Shakespeare's strong man. Charity itself could not have seen anything natural in his attitude when King Richard pronounced the sentence of banishment upon him.

I plead ignorance, but I should like to ask, by the way, whether there is any authority for such vowel shortening as "Then, dear mi' liege, mi'or 'onour let mi' try." The effect at least was hardly melodious.

The Queen, too. Where was her dignity? Weep Shakespeare's Queen undoubtedly does, but not in that modern uncontrollable fashion, half drowning her words in sobs.

I have not seen the new *Antony and Cleopatra*, nor do I intend—thanks to experience and your critic. But I should like to know whether this is the only kind of Shakespeare dished up in London nowadays. If so, I stay at home—until I hear again Mr. Gordon Craig's trumpets shaking the walls of Jericho.

M. P.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

Sayce, Rev. A. H. *The Archaeology of Cuneiform Inscriptions.* $8\frac{1}{2} \times 6$. Pp. 220 S.P.C.K., 5s.

[Embodies the Rhind Lectures in Archæology delivered by Professor Sayce at Edinburgh in October 1906.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Robertson, Col. James P. *Personal Adventures and Anecdotes of an Old Officer.* With portraits. $9\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 284. Arnold, 12s. 6d. net. (See p. 30.)

Lord, John. *Cleopatra.* $7 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 69. A. L. Humphreys, 2s. net.

[In the "Little Lives of the Great" series.]

Bisland, Elizabeth. *The Life and Letters of Lascadio Hearn.* With illustrations. 2 vols. $9 \times 6\frac{1}{4}$. Pp. viii, 475 and 554. Constable, 24s. net.

DRAMA.

Housman, Laurence; and Barker, H. Granville. *Prunella; or, Love in a Dutch Garden.* $8 \times 6\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 89. Bullen, 3s. 6d. net.

[Produced at the Royal Court Theatre on December 23, 1904, and revived on April 24, 1906.]

Harris, E. G. *St. Agnes, and other Dramas*. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 179. Dent, 2s. net.

Besier, Rudolf. *The Virgin Goddess*. A tragedy. 6½ × 5½. Pp. 82. Dent, 2s. 6d. net.

[*The Virgin Goddess* was produced by Mr. Otho Stuart at the Adelphi Theatre on October 23, 1906.]

FICTION.

Appleton, G. W. *The Duchess of Pontifex Square*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.

Sergeant, Adeline. *The House in the Crescent*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.

Forster, R. H. *The Mistress of Aydon*. Illustrated. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 314. Long, 6s.

Montgomerie, F. W. *Paying the Price*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 178. Simpkin, Marshall, 3s. 6d.

HISTORY.

Besant, Sir Walter. *Medieval London*. Vol. ii. : *Ecclesiastical*. 11½ × 9½. Pp. 436. Black, 30s. net.

Chambers, E. K. *Notes on the History of the Revels Office Under the Tudors*. 9 × 5½. Pp. 80. A. H. Bullen, 3s. 6d. net.

LITERATURE.

Brunetière, Ferdinand. *Honoré de Balzac*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 316. Lippincott, 6s. net.

[In the "French Men of Letters" series. See p. 30.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

Escott, T. H. S. *Society in the Country House*. 9 × 6. Pp. 512. Unwin, 16s. (See p. 34.)

Booth, Charles. *Old Age Pensions and the Aged Poor*. A proposal. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 84. Macmillan, 2s. net.

Janes, Emily. *The Englishwoman's Year Book and Dictionary, 1907-8*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 405. Black, 2s. 6d. net.

[Twenty-seventh year of issue.]

Penrose's Pictorial Annual. The Process Year-Book. Vol. xii. Edited by William Gamble. 10 × 7½. Pp. 160. Penrose, n.p.

POETRY.

Sparrow, Arthur Goldsmith. *The New Crusade*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 136. Swan Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d. net.

Malone, Walter. *Songs of East and West*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 58. Louisville: Morton, n.p.

Leonard, William Ellery. *Sonnets and Poems*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 67. Boston, Mass.: Published by the Author, \$1.00.

Ledoux, Louis V. *The Soul's Progress, and other poems*. Pp. 94. New York: John Lane Company, \$1.25.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

The East and West Indian Mirror, being an account of Joris van Speilbergen's Voyage round the World (1614-1617), and the Australian Navigations of Jacob le Maire. Translated, with notes and an introduction, by J. A. J. de Villiers. 9 × 6. Pp. 272. Printed for the Hakluyt Society, n.p.

The Dramatic Works of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. With an introduction by Joseph Knight and 15 illustrations. 7½ × 8½. Pp. 490. Frowde, n.p.

[*"The Oxford Edition."*]

Wilson, Rathmell. *Hinemoa and Tutanekei*. 7 × 4½. Pp. 112. Elkin Mathews, 1s. 6d. net.

[A Maori legend, with other stories and some verses. Paper covers.]

THEOLOGY.

Knight, the Rev. H. Theodore. *Criticism and the Old Testament*. A Popular Introduction. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 170. Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d. net.

[Appendices: (1) Chronological Tables; (2) Bibliography.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Bayley, Stanhope. *The Sacred Grove, and other impressions of Italy*. 7 × 4½. Pp. 132. Elkin Mathews, 4s. 6d. net.

[Of the eighteen "impressions" in this book, ten have previously appeared in the *Times of India*.]

THE BOOKSHELF

Du Positivisme au Mysticisme, étude sur l'inquiétude religieuse contemporaine. Paris, Bloud. [Being the continuation of the same author's *Introduction* (Paris: Oudin, 1901) to *Psychology and Mysticism*.] By Jules Pachen, S. J.—"Palpitating actuality" is the Gallicism applicable to this work of a Jesuit, French indeed, but steeped in English and American philosophy, and long a resident in Great Britain. Published this year, these *études* comprise Comte, H. Spencer, Guilan, Schopenhauer, Renan, Barrès, Nietzsche, Tolstoi

and the occultists. The Abbé Pachen gave his *conférences* at the Paris *Institut Catholique* on "the Internal Life," from 1891-3, or a year over the period devoted to W. James's Gifford Lectures at Edinburgh. The Harvard Professor and the Jesuit thus cover the same ground in point of time and of philosophy. His course at Paris necessitated the delivery by the Abbé of *conférences* on "mystic" as word and as thing, and that for Catholics and Non-Catholics alike, for the linguist and for "the general,"—the thing-in-itself, Mysticism, being treated physiologically, psychologically, scientifically and artistically. Then comes, in his filiation, the present work on Positivism and Mysticism. "Spiritual life as a poem" follows: "Alighieri and Loyola." The *Inferno* is now the sinful soul; the *Purgatorio*, virtue in the acquisition; the *Paradiso*, Unity in Love. Of these, the *Inferno* is profusely illustrated, e.g., with the "remorse" of Macbeth; the "confusion" of Lucretian thought, veiled in verse crystal-clear; the "fear" of a St. Thérèse; the all-embracing "Vanity"; variously expressed, of a Villon, a Paschal, a Bossuet. That vale of misery, Purgatory, men use for a well, and the pools are filled with water. Paradise unites Love in one synthesis, and the End crowns the Work. The *leit-motif* is Dante; the three works of the Florentine make: "une sorte de triptyque, une trilogie, où nous aurions à ramener un choix exquis de peintures d'âme. Ici la poésie des larmes, et les élégies de la conversion; plus loin l'aube de lumière qui croît, le soleil de l'amour qui monte et revêt l'âme de vertus; la poésie de la douleur et du sacrifice, enfin l'idéal paradisiaque de lumière, d'amour et de paix" (p. 96). The Abbé's "Dante and Verlaine" is the introduction to the above works and lectures. Here are marshalled Edm. Spenser, Bunyan, Shelley, Verlaine, Huysmans, Fra Luis de Leon, Giacomone da Todi (*il Vecchio di Todi*), Silesius, the German mystic poet. The whole series is remarkable for lightness of touch and depth of thought, for allusiveness of style and attraction of subject.

Book-Prices Current, vol. 20 (Elliot Stock, £1 7s. 6d.).—This record of the prices at which books have been sold at auction from October 1905 to July 1906, being the season, 1905-6, has nearly come of age in point of years but long ago reached maturity in point of excellence. It is simply indispensable alike to the bookbuyer and to the bookseller. Forty-eight sales are reported on comprising 37,414 lots, realising £95,829 rs., or an average per lot of £2 11s. 3d. All the sales were in London, and bookselling by auction of important books is practically confined to the Metropolis and indeed to the auction-rooms of four firms. The most important sale of the year was that of the books of Edwin Truman. The sale was divided into two portions, one dealing mainly with Cruikshank, and altogether brought £8576. Far the highest price realised for one book was for the 1600 edition of *Much Ado About Nothing*, £1570; next comes *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 1600, £480; *The Merchant of Venice*, 1600, £460; *King Lear*, 1608, £395; *Othello*, 1655 (Sir Henry Irving), £200. One copy of the First Folio Shakespeare appeared during the season and realised £245. Four copies of the Second Folio appeared, one of the Third and seven of the Fourth Folio, as well as two copies of the Poems of 1640. Shelley's "Queen Mab," original boards, brought £168, his "Proposal for Putting Reform to the Vote," £132; Forster's "Life of Dickens," extra-illustrated, £380; "Biblia Sacra," Ben Jonson's copy, £320; Common Prayer Book formerly belonging to Charles I., £285; "Bulletins de la Convention Nationale," complete set, £190; John Still's *Gammer's Gurton's Needle*, A Play, £180; "The Sporting," 1792-1870, £170; Gould's "Birds of Australia," 10 vols. 1848, £141; Dallaway and Cartwright's *History of Sussex*, extra illustrated, £131 and a "Memorial" of Edmund Kean, 5 vols. folio, £130. The book is admirably arranged, each sale being catalogued separately and the whole indexed exhaustively. The index runs to nearly 100 pages and is very well done. The compiler of *Book-Prices Current* is Mr. J. H. Slater.

Messrs. Blackwood issue a handsome, illustrated volume which will make an admirable present for girls who are growing into womanhood—and for those who have passed the border. *Maids of Honour*, by A. J. Green-Armytage (10s. 6d. net), consists of twelve descriptive sketches of single women who have distinguished themselves in science, poetry, prose, travel, philanthropy, and nursing: Hannah More, Mary Carpenter, Caroline Lucretia Herschel, Sister Dora (Dorothy Wyndlow Pattison), Mary Kingsley, Adelaide Anne Procter, Marianne North, Jean Ingelow, Louisa Alcott, Christina Rossetti, and Mary Lamb. The author treats her subjects sympathetically, and her work is careful and accurate.

Text-Book on Fungi, including Morphology, Physiology, Pathology, Classification, etc. By George Massee. (Duckworth, 6s. net.).—Mr. Massee is a recognised authority on Mycology and in this volume proves clearly how greatly our knowledge of Fungi has increased of late years. The subject is a deeply interesting one, as it throws much light on the all-important point of plasmogeny and even suggests that of autogeny. The book is profusely illustrated with very clear drawings, and Mr. Massee, beside giving much valuable information himself, informs his readers where more is to be found. Taken in conjunction with such books as those by Dr. M. C. Cooke, this should prove an invaluable guide to the student.

The Way of the Buddha. By Herbert Baynes (Murray, 2s. net.).—This is the latest addition to "The Wisdom of the East" series, in which are given sketches of the great teachers of Oriental wisdom. The Buddha is by far the most imposing of these figures, and those who desire to learn in plain prose much of what Sir Edwin Arnold expressed in charming verse, cannot do better than consult this attractive little volume.

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